



Cheron del.

Bicknell sc.

Here YOUTH may Profit, and Diversion find,
 Amuse their Fancy, and improve their Mind. —
 Here's no Loose Thought the Virtuous to displease,
 Or the Least Blush in the Most Modest raise. —
 OUR MUSE is Studious to Avoid Offence, —
 And builds her Merit on her INNOCENCE.



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THE
YOUNG LADIES
MISCELLANY:
OR,
YOUTH's

Innocent and Rational
AMUSEMENT.

To which is PREFIXED,
A *SHORT ESSAY* on the *Art* of
PRONUNCIATION, and the great
Advantage arising from an *Early Practice*
of it in *Publick*.

ADORN'D with CUTS.

WRITTEN for the particular *Diversion* and
Improvement of the *Young Ladies* of *Mrs.*
Bellamy's School, in *Old Bostwel-Court*, near
Temple-Bar.

L O N D O N :

Printed by E. SAY, for the AUTHOR ; and Sold only
by *Mrs. BELLAMY*, at her School aforesaid ; and
Mrs. WOOD, at the *College*, in *Bury*, in the County
of *Suffolk*, MDCCLXXIII.



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238 C 34
Bellamy (D.)

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TO MY

Very Affectionate, and Much Respected

S I S T E R,

Mrs. HANNAH WOOD,

Mistress of *the* College-Boarding-
School, *in* Bury, *in the County*
of Suffolk.

MADAM,



UMAN Nature appears
a very contemptible, or a
very beautiful Object, as
the Rational Faculties,
with which it is endu'd,
lie unimprov'd, or are
cultivated by a Liberal Education.

A 2

T H E R E

DEDICATION.

THERE are inherent Beauties in the Soul, which, like Marble in the Quarry, will for ever be conceal'd, unless some skilful Hand fetches out the Colours, makes the Surface shine, and discovers each ornamental Cloud, each Spot and Vein, those internal, and before invisible Perfections, that run through the Body of it.

'TIS your particular Province, Madam, to polish Nature; and the many beautiful Figures, which adorn your SCHOOL, are so many living Testimonies of your prudent Oeconomy, and undeniable Demonstrations of the great Value and Importance of the Employment you profess.

WHAT Reception the following MISCELLANEOUS WORK may meet with in the World, as its Innocence is its principal Merit, I cannot determine: Yet I hope I have, in some Measure, come up to what I promis'd in my Proposals, and therefore shall not plead either want of Time, Assistance, or Ability to accomplish what I undertook; since Excuses of that Nature are very weak, and only direct Arguments against any Attempt whatsoever.

SHOULD

DEDICATION.

SHOULD your Young LADIES, Madam, be One Virtue the better, or receive the smallest Addition to their innocent Diversions from my Labours, I shall think they need no Apology ; and if not, 'tis certain there is no Excuse for them, that can, or ought to be admitted. I shall therefore, without any Reluctance, subscribe my Name to what I here publish, and freely give up my self, as *Shakespeare* expresses it, to the Mercy of my Readers, with all my Imperfections on my Head.

HAVING premis'd thus much, in Relation to my own Performance, it will be naturally expected I should pursue the usual Method of Dedications, and swell this Address with your just Encomiums ; but your own innate Modesty, as well as the near Relation I bear to you, gives a Check to the Violence of such an Inclination : I shall therefore throw a Veil over your Character, for fear of disobliging you, and being censur'd as a Flatterer by those, but those only, who do not know you.

HOWEVER, I think I may venture to say in general, that you have a perfect
Idea

DEDICATION.

Idea of every Female Accomplishment, and the true Spirit of publick Conduct; that you make it your daily Study to pry into the natural Dispositions of the little Subjects under your Dominion, in which the Dexterity and Address of a SKILFUL MISTRESS principally consist.

THAT your constant Application, to the Service of the FAIR SEX, may meet with its desir'd Success, and that your Encouragement may bear, if possible, an equal Proportion to your Merit, is the unfeigned Wish of,

M A D A M,

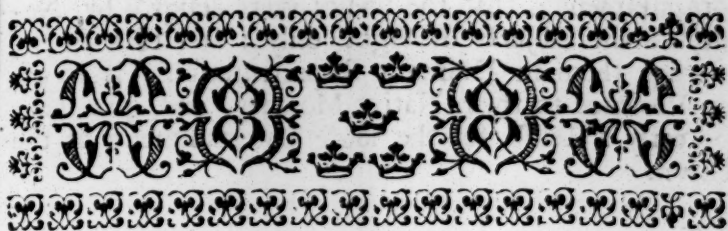
Your Most Affectionate Brother,

Sincere Friend,

And Humble Servant,

D. BELLAMY.

THE



T H E
P R E F A C E,

By Way of

I N T R O D U C T I O N,

To the following E S S A Y, *on the*
A r t o f P R O N U N C I A T I O N.



I N C E this little MISCELLANEOUS
W O R K is principally intended for
the Diversion and Improvement
of the Young LADIES, and the
early Practice of PUBLICK PERFOR-
MANCES is recommended to them
by very few, some indulgent and
timorous Parents perhaps may be apt to censure my
Design, and imagine the following AMUSEMENTS not
so innocent as I pretend them.

T H E R E are too many, I know, are of Opinion,
that the Art of PRONUNCIATION is no Female Ac-
complish-

P R E F A C E.

complishment ; that the Ladies were design'd by Nature for the Objects of Sight only ; and that to encourage them in Dramatic Representations, is to offer Violence to their Native Modesty, and give them too early a Relish for the loose Entertainments of the Town.

THIS would, I own, be a most heavy Charge, was it as just as it is common, and the Custom I would here introduce, was the Danger they are so apprehensive of real, ought to be rejected with the utmost Contempt.

I SHALL endeavour therefore, in the first Place, to remove these seemingly weighty Objections, and shew that such Fears are merely imaginary, and altogether groundless.

'T WAS an Observation of One of the most learned Prelates of his Age, the late Archbishop of *Cambrai*, " That the general Mistake of Parents in the Education of their Daughters, was this; That they were " too solicitous about the Ornament of their Persons, " and too remiss, if not wholly regardless, of the " Endowments of their Mind. "

'T IS pity methinks that the favourite Works of Nature should be nothing but moving Pictures, and, like Sir *Godfrey Kneller's* Canvas, as Mr. *Dryden* expresses it, only *Look a Voice* ; that the Study of the Toilet should be recommended to them, as their most material Accomplishment, whilst the Improvement of their Judgment is neglected as a Trifle, and the early Exercise of their Rational Faculties esteem'd, if not a Crime, an Act of Imprudence and ill Conduct.

SUCH a Turn of Thought as this is surely very unhappy, and such an Oeconomy in Education highly Blame-worthy ! What a contemptible Idea must we entertain of that Person, who lives in the full Possession

P R E F A C E.

session of a stately Edifice, and leaves the most commodious and beautiful Apartments of it wholly unfurnish'd ? How should we smile at the cautious Conduct of that fond Mother, who would restrain her Daughter at all Times from a Glass of Wine, because 'tis a Scandal to drink to Excess ; or deny her the least Gratification of her sensual Appetites, because 'tis a Crime to be luxurious ? Yet such, and much greater, is the Folly and Indiscretion of those Parents, who out of a slavish Fear, lest their Daughters Minds should be corrupted by any bad Impressions, will admit of none at all, and make that false Maxim in Education of old *Acasto's*, in the *Orphan*, their favourite Rule. *If you have Children ; never give them Knowledge. 'Twill spoil their Fortunes. Fools are all the Fashion.*

THERE is no One has a greater Veneration for the Art of DANCING than my self, and I think 'tis an Accomplishment as absolutely necessary, as 'tis almost universal. And if the Young Ladies may be allow'd, without the least Censure, or Breach of Modesty, to frequent Assemblies, to expose their Personal Charms to publick View, and seek the Applause and Approbation of their Friends by an artful Motion, and graceful Deportment ; I cannot conceive why they may not, while at School, with equal Innocence display the Beauties of their Mind, and demonstrate, by a due Emphasis, a proper Accent, and an apposite Variation of Voice, that they are Judges of good Sense, as well as good Manners.

THE tender Age of Youth naturally requires something gay and lively ; and as their Minds are, like Virgin-Wax, ready to receive any Impressions, their Amusements ought no doubt to be strictly virtuous, and innocent ; But why they should give Offence, or create Apprehensions of Danger, from their regular and Rational Contrivance, I cannot account for.

I AM

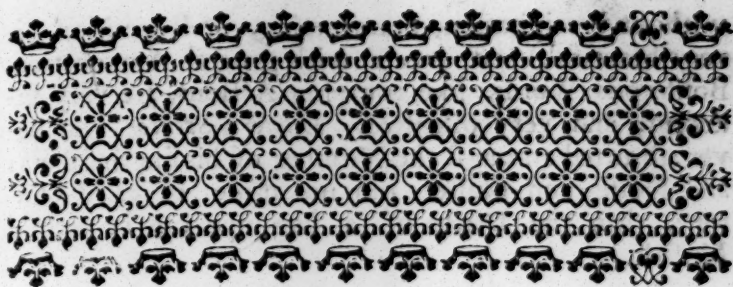
P R E F A C E.

I AM fully persuaded, that if Learning was more frequently made the Object of Diversion, and if, at the usual Times of Cessation from Business, the Improvement of Children's Memories, was made the Amusement of their Fancies, we should find them more eager in the Pursuit after Knowledge, and the SCHOOL, which is too often, and by too many, look'd on as an insupportable Confinement, would be approach'd with all the Complacency and Satisfaction imaginable: The Ornaments of the Mind would be set before them in a much more agreeable Light, and be pursu'd by them with double Industry and Application.

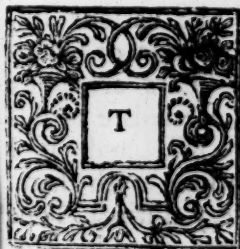
HAVING said thus much, in Defence of a Practice I have endeavour'd to introduce amongst the Young Ladies, I shall now proceed to lay before them some short Directions to render their Performance of it more easy and successful.



A SHORT



A
 SHORT ESSAY
 ON THE
 A R T
 O F
 PRONUNCIATION.



THE Young LADY, that can pronounce her Words with a firm, strong, articulate Voice, is by Nature qualify'd for speaking well in Publick, and wants nothing but Art to direct her Judgment. Whenever therefore she makes the Attempt, let her be very careful not to deliver her self so loud, as to put her Voice upon the Stretch. A clear, smooth, easy Utterance, without

without Precipitation, Stammering, or Repetition, is very beautiful, and meets with general Approbation. Boisterous Words, like romping Actions, are very indecent, and very offensive. *Homer's Stentor* was never admitted amongst the Number of his fine Speakers; and Noise and Bluster can no more be call'd Oratory, than the Drone of a Bag-pipe can be term'd Musick.

SHE ought indeed to fill the Place in which she speaks; but she will never be able to give every Syllable its proper Sound, which is absolutely necessary for her to do, or pronounce intelligibly, or at least so as to be heard with Ease and Pleasure, the Conclusion of her Periods, if once she exceeds the Limits of her natural Voice.

THO' nothing is more disagreeable than a Monotony, or one perpetual Tone, and tho' the Variation of the Voice is the first Thing to be study'd; yet this Change must not be too sudden or unnatural; it must be equal to its self, glide like a gentle Stream from one Key to another, to be just and harmonious.

EVERY Voice, says *Tully*, has its particular Medium and Compass, and the Sweetness of Speech consists in leading it thro' all the Variety of Tones naturally, and without touching any Extreme.

ELOCUTION and MUSICK are near Relations, and resemble each other. According to the various Impressions of the Artist's Hand on the Strings of his Instrument, the Sounds that strike our Ears are either soft or swelling. As our Thoughts are sedate or discompos'd, our Speech must rise or fall, and, if I may be allow'd the Expression, sympathize with them. A judicious Person will employ every distinct Tone to great Advantage, and, as the Painter does his Colours, shew them in their proper Light.

THE Declarations of LOVE are best express'd in an easy, tender, yet gay Modulation; as in the following soft Address of *Polydore's*, in the *Orphan*, to his new Mistress, the fair *Monimia*.

*Who can behold such Beauty, and be silent ?
Desire first taught us Words : Man, when created,
At first alone long wander'd up and down,
Forlorn and silent as his Vassal-Beasts ;
But when a Heav'n-born Maid, like you, appear'd,
Strange Pleasures fill'd his Eyes, and fir'd his Heart,
Unloos'd his Tongue, and his first talk was Love.*

RAGE and RESENTMENT exert their peculiar Voice in an acute, violent, and hasty Sound. The fiery Character of *Bajazet*, in *Tamerlane*, as it is admirably drawn by Mr. Rowe, abounds with the strongest Instances of this Kind. When *Tamerlane* begins to expostulate with him, and demands Attonement for his Wrongs; he insults him, tho' his Captive and in Chains, in the following haughty and imperious Manner.

*Make thy Demands to those that own thy Power.
Know I am still beyond thee ; And tho' Fortune,
(Curse of that Changling Deity of Fools !)
Has stript me of this Train, this Pomp of Greatness,
This Outside of a King ; yet still my Soul
Fix'd high, and of her self alone dependant,
Is ever free, and Royal ; and even now,
As at the Head of Battle, does defy thee.
I know what Pow'r the Chance of War has giv'n thee,
And dare thee to the Use on't. This vile Speeching,
This after-Game of Words is what most irks me.
Spare that, and for the rest 'tis equal all,
Be it as it may.*

HOPE, and EXPECTATION of future Happiness, dissolve into a luxurious, gay, and joyous Modulation. As

in the following Transport of *Torismond's*, in the *Spanish Fryar*.

*She bids me hope ; good Gods ! she pities me :
And Pity still fore-runs approaching Love,
As Light'ning does the Thunder. Tune your Harps,
Ye Angels, to that Sound ! and thou, my Soul,
Make room to entertain the flowing Joy !
Hence every Thought, and every anxious Care ;
For one kind Look, and one kind Glance can cure De-
spair.*

CONSCIOUS GUILT, and the Imaginary Fears which naturally attend it, express themselves in sudden Starts, and interrupted, low, and abject Sounds. This is admirably describ'd by the wild Disorder and Confusion of Soul, which *Shakespear* has represented *Mackbeth* in, when big with the Murder of *Duncan*, and his Grooms.

*Is this a Dagger which I see before me ?
The Hilt draws tow'rd my Hand : --Come let me grasp thee-
I have thee not, --- And yet I see thee still. ----
Art thou not, fatal Vision, sensible
To Feeling as to Sight ? ---- Or, art thou but
A Dagger of the Mind, a false Creation,
Proceeding from the Brain, oppress'd with Heat ?
My Eyes are made the Fools of th' other Senses,
Or else worth all the rest : ---- I see thee still,
And on thy Blade are Stains of reeking Blood. ----
It is the Bloody Business that thus
Informs my Eye-Sight.*

LOVE in DISTRESS, and o'erwhelm'd in Sorrow, demands a slow, flexible Voice, and modulated in a mournful Tone. As in that moving Separation of *Monefes*, in *Tamerlane*, from his belov'd *Arpasia*.

*Death is parting,
The last sad Adieu 'twixt Soul and Body ;*

But

*But this is somewhat more. --- My Joy, my Comfort,
All that is left in Life fleets after thee.
My aching Sight hangs on thy parting Beauties,
Thy lovely Eyes all drown'd in Floods of Sorrow.
So sinks the setting Sun beneath the Waves,
And leaves the Traveller in Pathless Woods
Benighted and forlorn. Thus with sad Eyes,
Westward he turns to mark the Light's Decay,
And having lost the last faint Glimpse of Day,
Chearless in Darknes he pursues his Way.*

THE DEBATE of the MIND with it self, upon a pressing Difficulty, requires a very grave, uniform and earnest, but not bemoaning Voice: As in that celebrated Soliloquy of *Cato*, in the fifth Act, where he's represented sitting in a thoughtful Posture, with *Plato's* Book on the Immortality of the Soul in his Hand, and a drawn Sword on the Table by him.

*It must be so --- Plato, thou reason'st well! ---
Else whence this pleasing Hope, this fond Desire,
This Longing after Immortality?
Or whence this secret Dread, and inward Horror
Of falling into Nought? --- Why shrinks the Soul
Back on her self, and startles at Destruction?
'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us:
'Tis Heav'n it self that points out an Hereafter,
And intimates Eternity to Man.
Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful Thought!
Through what Variety of untry'd Being,
Through what new Scenes, and Changes must we pass!
The wide, th' unbounded Prospect lies before me.
But Shadows, Clouds, and Darknes rest upon it. ---
Here will I hold. If there's a Pow'r above us,
(And that there is, all Nature cries aloud
Through all her Works) He must delight in Virtue.
And that which he delights in must be happy.
But when! or where! --- This World was made for Cæsar.
I'm weary of Conjectures, --- This must end 'em,
[Laying his Hand on his Sword.
Thus am I doubly arm'd: My Death and Life,*

*My Bane and Antidote are both before me.
 This, in a Moment brings me to an End;
 But this informs me, I shall never die.
 The Soul, secur'd in her Existence, smiles
 At the drawn Dagger, and defies its Point.
 The Stars shall fade away, the Sun himself
 Grow dim with Age, and Nature sink in Years;
 But thou shalt flourish in immortal Youth,
 Unhurt amidst the War of Elements,
 The Wrecks of Matter, and the Crush of Worlds.*

AND as all the PASSIONS have their proper Variations; so there are distinct and peculiar Tones to all the Tropes and Figures of Speech. But as they are very numerous, lest I should be thought too tedious and prolix, I'll only illustrate two, the IRONY and REPETITION, by Examples, which, in my Opinion, are exceeding beautiful, and Master-Pieces in their Kind.

AN IRONY (which is a Figure, whereby a Man speaks contrary to his Thoughts, that his Words may carry the greater Weight along with them, and make the deeper Impression) is spoken in a smooth Voice with an artful Insinuation, and an Excess of Complaisance, by which the Dissimulation is discover'd. The most beautiful Instance of this, which I know of, is that Funeral Oration of *Anthony's* to the Roman Mob, over the dead Body of *Julius Cæsar*, who was barbarously murder'd by *Brutus*, his Bosom Friend, and favourite Companion.

*Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your Ears;
 I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him:
 The Evil that Men do lives after them,
 The Good is oft interred with their Bones:
 So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
 Has told you Cæsar was ambitious;
 If it were so, it was a grievous Fault,
 And grievously has Cæsar answer'd it.
 Here, under Leave of Brutus and the rest,*

(For

(For Brutus is an Honourable Man ;
 So are they all, all Honourable Men)
 Come : to speak in Cæsar's Funeral.
 He was my Friend, faithful and just to me ;
 But Brutus says he was ambitious,
 And Brutus is an Honourable Man.
 He hath brought many Captives Home to Rome,
 Whose Ransoms did the general Coffers fill.
 Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?
 When that the poor have cry'd, Cæsar has wept,
 Ambition should be made of sterner Stuff :
 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,
 And Brutus is an Honourable Man.
 You all did see that on the Lupercal,
 I thrice presented him a Kingly Crown,
 Which he did thrice refuse. Was this Ambition ?
 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,
 And sure he is an Honourable Man. —————
 Oh, Masters ! If I were dispos'd to stir
 Your Hearts and Minds to Mutiny and Rage,
 I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
 Who (you all know) are Honourable Men.
 I will not do them Wrong : I rather chuse
 To wrong the Dead, to wrong my self and you,
 Than I will wrong such Honourable Men. —————
 They that have done this Deed are Honourable :
 What private Grievs they had, alas ! I know not,
 That made them do it. They are wise and Honourable,
 And will, no doubt, with Reasons answer you. —————
 I come not, Friends, to steal away your Hearts.
 I am no Orator, as Brutus is :
 But (as you know me all) a plain, blunt Man,
 That love my Friend, and that they know full well,
 Who gave me publick Leave to speak of him.
 For I have neither Wit, nor Words, nor Worth,
 Action, nor Utterance, nor the Pam'r of Speech,
 To stir Men's Bloods : I only speak right on,
 And tell you that, which you your selves do know,
 Shew you sweet Cæsar's Wounds, poor, poor, dumb Mouths,
 And let them speak for me : But were I Brutus,

And

*And Brutus, Anthony, there were an Anthony,
Would ruffle up your Spirits, and put a Tongue
In every Wound of Cæsar, that should move
The Stones of Rome to rise and Mutiny.*

REPETITION (which is a Figure, whereby the principal Words in a Sentence are repeated with such Advantage and Improvement, as raise a new Thought, and give a Harmony to the Period) is very emphatical, and demands an Elevation of the Voice. We have a fine Example of this, in *Eve's* rapturous Speech to *Adam*, which was worthy an Inhabitant of Paradise, and the State of Innocence.

*My Author, my Disposer, what thou bid'st
Unargu'd I obey ; so God ordains.
God is thy Law, thou Mine : To know no more
Is Woman's happiest Knowledge, and her Praise.
With thee conversing I forget all Time,
All Seasons, and their Change ; all please alike.
Sweet is the Breath of Morn, her Rising sweet,
With Charm of earliest Birds, pleasant the Sun,
When first on this delightful Land he spreads
His Orient Beams on Herb, Tree, Fruit, and Flow'r,
Glist'ring with Dew ; fragrant the fertile Earth,
After soft Showers, and sweet the coming on
Of grateful Evening mild, the silent Night,
With this her solemn Bird, and this fair Moon,
And these, the Gems of Heav'n, her Starry Train :
But neither Breath of Morn, when she ascends
With Charm of earliest Birds, nor Rising Sun
On this delightful Land, nor Herb, Fruit, Flow'r,
Glist'ring with Dew, nor Fragrance after Show'rs,
Nor grateful Evening mild, nor silent Night,
With this her solemn Bird, nor walk by Moon,
Or glis'ring Star-Light, without thee is sweet.*

WE have likewise another very agreeable Turn of Words, in Mr. Prior's *HENRY* and *EMMA*, where the Thought is vigorously express'd, and beautifully finish'd.

Are

*Are there not Poisons, Wracks, and Flames and Swords,
That Emma thus must die by Henry's Words?
Yet what could Swords, or Poison, Wracks, or Flame,
But mangle and disjoint this brittle Frame?
More fatal Henry's Words: They murder Emma's Fame.*

THERE are many other useful Observations that might be made on the various Modulations of the Voice, or Kinds of Tones; but as 'twould exceed the Limits of a *Short Essay*, to illustrate them all by particular Examples, I shall only add this One Remark. That all Personal Names, *viz.* I, Thou, He, She, We, Ye, and They, &c. and their following States, Me, Thee, Him, Her, Us, You, and them, &c. and their Possessives, My, Thy, Her, Our, Yours, Their, Mine, Thine, &c. and all Epithets, Adjectives, or Qualities, by which Substantives, Beings, or Things are explain'd and distinguish'd, as, Black, White, Good, Bad, Round, Square, and the like, should always be read or spoken with a clear, open, and distinct Voice, as they are for the most part very emphatical, and the Beauty of Expression depends much upon them.

AND as, in all these Variations of your Voice, you must be govern'd by the Sense; so your Action must be guided by your Voice, and with a beautiful Propriety, as it were, inforce it. I shall therefore close my present Design, with some few Directions for your regular and decent Deportment.

IN the first Place, Ladies, carefully avoid all unnatural Distortions, both of your Limbs and Features. Wry Mouths, contracted Brows, shrug'd up Shoulders, and the like, are Farce and Buffoonry, very disagreeable, and very ungenteel: Nay, Coughing and Spitting, unless very accidental, are vicious Habits, and ought betimes to be corrected.

CONSIDER the Reverence and Respect you owe the Persons before whom you stand, and endeavour to enter into the Character you are to represent. The nearer Approaches you make to Nature, the more perfect and entertaining your Performance will be.

As

As the Life of Action lies in the Face, let your Looks correspond with your Subject, and never appear chearful on a melancholly Occasion, or dejected when you should smile ; never cast your Eyes downwards when you talk of the Heavens above you, or turn them up when you describe the Earth beneath you.

OBSERVE a due Decorum, and stand not too long in one Posture ; nor yet be every Moment changing your Position.

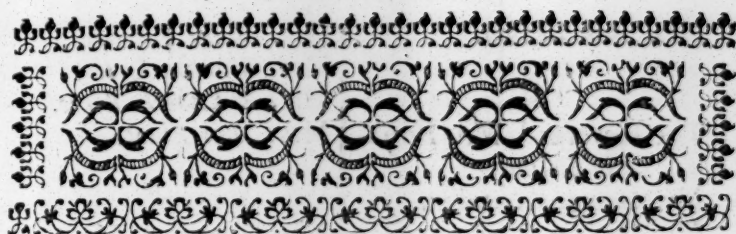
LIFT not up your Head too high, or stretch it out too far, or give it any affected Tosses ; but stand erect, and move your Neck gently on each Side, as Occasion and the Convenience of being heard shall require.

NEVER turn your Back to the Audience, but look them in the Face, with an Air of Respect, and modest Assurance, as you would your Friends in common Conversation.

BE very careful in the Disposal of your Hands : Never lift them above your Eyes, nor let them hang down in a direct Line. Let there be a constant Correspondence between them, and the Motions of your Head, Eyes and Body.

BUT as a just Propriety of Action requires a solid Judgment, and severe Study, it cannot be expected that Children should attain it. I am not therefore for indulging them in Attempts too far that Way ; tho' I would not have them stand immoveable like Stocks or Stones. Let them Practice a little, and take Care that little is not awkward or inconsistent.

As this imperfect Sketch is attempted with no other View than to *cheat* the Ladies into Learning, or at least, to make the Way to it more easy and pleasant, I hope 'twill claim some small Merit, and meet with a favourable Reception, whether the Event be attended with Success or not.



T H E
N A M E S
O F T H E
S U B S C R I B E R S.

A

M R. *Joseph Allstone,*
Mr. *Rob. Alwood,*
Mrs. ----- *Allstone,*
Mrs. *Mary Allstone,*
Mrs. *Ann Allstone,*
Mrs. *Charlotte Allstone,*
Mrs. *Frances Abthorpe,*
Mrs. *Margaret Allen.*

B

The Reverend Mr. *Thomas*
Burrough,
The Reverend Mr. *William*
Beart,
Mr. *William Brinkley,*
Mr. *Thomas Bearcroft,*
Mr. *Joseph Banks,*
Mr. *John Booth,*
Mr. *Joseph Bland,*
Mr. *George Bickham,*

Mr. *Henry Bryan,*
Mr. *Edward Baylie,*
Mr. *Nathaniel Bostock,*
Mr. *John Bellamy,*
Mr. *James Bellamy,*
Mr. *Nathaniel Bellamy,*
Mrs. *Sarah Ball,*
Mrs. *Ann Brand, Jun.*
Mrs. *Elizabeth Bowes,*
Mrs. *Ann Bowes,*
Mrs. *Isabella Bowes,*
Mrs. *Dorothy Byat,*
Mrs. *Fane Blyford,*
Mrs. *Elizabeth Bransby,*
Mrs. *Margaret Bransby,*
Mrs. *Sarah Bacon, Jun.*
Mrs. *Ann Browne,*
Mrs. *Ann Boyton,*
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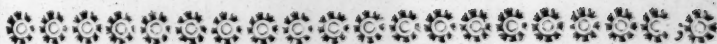
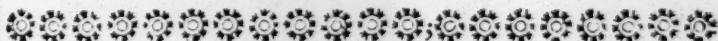
VANQUISH'D

VANQUISH'D LOVE:
OR, THE
JEALOUS QUEEN.

A
Dramatic Entertainment.

As it was PERFORM'D

By the *Young LADIES* of Mrs. BELLAMY'S
School, (*being one of their Annual P U B-
L I C K E X E R C I S E S*) with the general
Approbation of their Friends.



Printed in the Year M D C C X X I I I .

Is
T
Y



PROLOGUE.



S Plants, while tender, bend which way you
 please,
 And are, tho' Crooked first, made straight
 with Ease;
 Yet, if those Plants to their full Stature
 grow

*Irregular, they'll break before they'll bow :
 So Youth, set right at first, with Ease go on,
 And each New Task is with New Pleasure done ;
 But if neglected till they grow in Years,
 And each fond Mother, her dear Darling spares,
 Error becomes habitual, and you'll find,
 'Tis then hard Labour to reform the Mind.*

*Judge then, what Care Our Master's forc'd to take,
 To examine every Word before we speak :
 To weigh each Thought, and see the Sense is Chast,
 And inoffensive to the nicest Taste :
 At the same time to find out something New,
 Something to Entertain both us, and you ;
 Something our Emulation to Excite,
 And give Instruction whilst it gives Delight.*

*The Scenes to Night, which we present to View,
 Great ADDISON (Great Britain's CENSOR) drew :
 From his Fair Rosamond our Drama's wrote,
 And tho' New-Christen'd, yet He form'd the Plot.
 Our Master owns he took his Scheme from thence,
 Vary'd indeed his Numbers, not his Sense ;
 Alter'd to flowing Verse, his tuneful Songs,
 And made them Easy to our Artless Tongues.
 In short---(and that's the most that can be said)
 He shews you ADDISON in Masquerade.*

*What little Merit may be thought OUR due,
 Is left to be determin'd now by YOU.*

*To you, Fair Judges, we submit our Cause,
 Yet hope for your Indulgence and Applause.*



Persons Names.

M E N.

King Henry.
Cordelio, Page to *Queen* Eleanor.
Messenger.

W O M E N.

Queen Eleanor.
Rosamond.
Henrietta, } *Attendants on Queen Eleanor.*
 and
Chloris. }
Violante, } *Attendants on Rosamond.*
 and
Florella. }

Guardian Angels, &c.

SCENE, Woodstook Park.





VANQUISH'D LOVE:
OR, THE
JEALOUS QUEEN.



ACT I. SCENE I.

A Prospect of Woodstock Park.

Enter *Queen, Cordelio, Henrietta, Chloris,*
and other Attendants.

QUEEN.



COME near, *Cordelio*: --- What a Pro-
spect's here!
What lovely Scenes before our Eyes
appear!
Hark, how the Birds their amorous
Descants Sing,
As if they dwelt in an Eternal Spring!
When I Survey this beauteous Place around,
Methinks I tread on some Enchanted Ground,
Where

Where *New Elysiums* Charm my ravish'd Sight,
 And with their Wild Variety delight.
 Here, flow'ry Mountains, there, thick shady Woods;
 Here, mossy Banks, and there, soft purling Floods.
 Here, hollow Vaults resound each Step I take,
 And there, a thousand *Ecchoes* round me speak.
 From Hill to Hill the trembling Voice is tost,
 And not the softest Word, or Whisper's lost.

Cord. Madam, 'tis here the *World's great Beauty* lies,
 That sooths your *Henry's* Heart, and Charms his Eyes:
 Within this Bower *Fair Rosamond* resides,
 Secur'd from You, and all Mankind besides.

Queen. Curse on the fatal Name! Curse on the
 Grove!

I burn, I dye, with Jealousy and Love.

Hen. Within this Bow'r the *pensive Nymph* does
 mourn,

And languishes for her lov'd Lord's return.
 Her restless Thoughts like tumbling Surges rowl,
 And thence disclose the Secrets of her Soul.
 Now anxious Fears, now rising Hopes come on;
 But soon the Prospect like a Shadow's gone.
 The two Extreame's possess her Soul by turns,
 And her fond Heart each Moment chills, and burns.

Queen. She has row's'd a raging Lyon in my Breast,
 Which, till the *Traytress* dyes, shall never rest.

Chlo. Like dying Birds her panting Bosom swells,
 And every Motion her warm Passion tells.
 To that soft Nest your *Henry* will repair,
 And in her Arms forget the toils of War.
 On that dear Pillow breathe his Amorous Pray'rs,
 And amply make amends for all her Cares.

Queen. Trifler no more. --- My Vengeance is too
 slow --- [*To Cordelio.*]

Lead me, I charge you, (if the way you know)
 To the blest Mansion of my *Lovely Foe*.
 My Wrath like that of angry Heav'n shall rise,
 And blast her tho' she dwells in *Paradise*.

Cord. Madam, the Bow'rs on yonder rising Ground,
 That runs, and wanders an eternal Round.

Queen.

Or, the JEALOUS QUEEN

7

Queen. Unhappy I, in such a Maze do rove,
Lost in the Labyrinth of endless Love!

My anxious Breast with hoarded Vengeance burns,
While Fears and Hopes possess my Soul by turns.

Cord. The winding Path yon verdant Field divides,
Which to the *Fair One's* soft Confinement guides.

Queen. Oh! *Eleonora*, think, and think betimes,
Upon the Nature of *thy Rival's* Crimes.

What has she done to raise thy Rage so high?

What has she done, that she deserves to dye?

My Heart recoils, and fain would be at Ease.

But--- Is she not the Murdres of my Peace?----

Does n't she warm with the most guilty fires

The dearest Object of my Chast desires?

Have not her subtle Arts and fatal Charms

Remov'd my *faithless Henry* from my Arms?---

I'm all on fire again--- she Dies, she Dies,---

'Tis Crime enough to have such conqu'ring Eyes.----

--Yet hold--- methinks I feel my Heart relent;

The *Fair One* could n't well be Innocent.

What *Vestal Virgin* would n't soon resign

To such a Lover, such a Prince as mine.

To One so great, and One so truly brave,

The *proudest Nymph* might well become a Slave.

[*A flourish of Trumpets sounding at a Distance.*]

Cord. Hark, Madam, Hark! what sounds invade my
Ear!

The awful Conqueror's Approach is near.

Hen. He comes, he comes, *Victorious Henry* comes,

I hear his Martial Trumpets, Flutes, and Drums;

Which join'd in Concert Ecchoe from afar,

Fill every Wind, and beat a Point of War.

Queen. *Henry* returns, 'tis true, from Dangers free,

My Lord returns, but not alas! to me.

He comes his beauteous *Rosamond* to greet,

And lay his Warlike Trophies at her Feet!

His ardent Vows impatient to renew,

His ardent Vows to *Eleonora* due!

Shall then *Fair Rosamond* my Lord detain,

While I his absence Mourn, and Mourn in vain?

Oh!

Oh, no! my Heart will break----It is decreed----
The *fatal Beauty* shall this Moment bleed.

No Fear, no Horror shall my Soul alarm,

No soothing Pity shall my Rage disarm;

But to her Cost the *Traytre's* soon shall know,

What 'tis a *Queen*, provok'd like me, can do.

[*She goes out in Disorder, her Attendants following after.*]



S C E N E II.

The Grove before the Bower.

Enter *Rosamond* with an *Ovid* in her Hand,
attended by *Violante* and *Florella*. She
walks about, and reads *Dido's Complaint*
of *Æneas*.

*Æneas is my Thoughts perpetual Theme,
Their daily Longing, and their nightly Dream;
Yet he's Ungrateful, and Obdurate still:
Fool that I am to place my Heart so ill! &c.*

Ros. **W**HO can, Fair *Queen*, thy soft Complains
hear,

And not be mov'd, not shed a pitying Tear?

My Griefs alas! too much resemble thine;

Æneas is thy Torment, *Henry* mine.

Æneas wounds thee with his cold Disdain,

And *Henry's* Absence gives me equal Pain.

[*Here she gives Violante the Book and goes on.*]

From Walk to Walk, from gloomy Shade to Shade,

From purling Stream to purling Stream convey'd,

Thro' all the winding Mazes of the Grove

Restless I range, o'erwhelm'd with Grief and Love.

O!

O! where for Ease shall *Rosamonda* fly?

If *Henry* stays much longer I shall die.

Viol. Dear Madam, do not thus indulge your Woe;
In vain your Tears like tumbling Surges flow.

To sooth your Griefs your Sighs all fruitless prove;

They only aggravate the Pangs of Love.

Was *Henry* false, and lov'd another more,

Justly you might your *Rival's* Charms deplore;

But surely without cause you Mourn your Fate,

Since *Henry* is as Constant as he's Great.

Ros. I grant it true, yet still he is not here,

And I alas! his Absence cannot bear;

Each Moment, *Violante*, seems a Year.

O! that indulgent *Morpheus* would arise,

And with soft Slumbers close my wearied Eyes!

Some Rest, though but imaginary, give!

For 'tis a Pain without my Love to live.

Flor. Though Love's the softest Blessing of our Lives,

The noblest Passion that a Soul Conceives;

Yet was *that* Love but one continued Joy,

'Twou'd pall upon our Hands, and quickly Cloy.

Our Sense of Pleasure is not half so great,

If nothing interrupts our peaceful State;

If no small Cares, no Troubles intervene;

If 'tis all Sun-Shine, if 'tis all Serene.

A gentle Breeze adds Beauty to the Floods,

And the Sky's gayest when 'tis mixt with Clouds.

Viol. The Palm-Tree, Madam, by Oppression grows,

And amidst Thorns, the best of Flow'rs, the Rose.

Your *Henry's* Absence will inflame him more,

Add Wings to his Desires, his Love secure.

Ros. Sure Adverse Winds have with my Stars combin'd,

To ruin my Content, my Peace of Mind!

Resolv'd, with Force united, to divide

What Love, and all our Vows so strongly ty'd!

Perhaps I ne'r shall see my *Henry* more:

Perhaps he's Shipwreckt on some distant Shore:

That Thought confounds me, drives me to Despair;

That Shock's too great for my fond Heart to bear.

Flor.

TO VANQUISH'D LOVE:

Flor. Blame not the Winds which now *your Lord* }
detain;

Those Winds may turn, may blow him back again,
And doubly recompence your present Pain:
Nor blame the Stars for his too long delay,
Or think that they Unite their partial Sway
To interrupt your Loves; or Fears create,
To make your mutual Joys the less compleat.
Sometimes the Stars themselves will lose ther Light,
Be all obscur'd by the thick Shades of Night;
Yet soon those Shades to distant Regions glide,
And then they triumph, and resume their Pride.
The same Vicissitude all Nature shares,
Dies, and revives, looks gay, or gloomy like the Stars.

Viol. The Winter Blasts deform our Rural Seat,
And drive the Turtle from his constant Mate;
Cause a long Separation, make him rove
Forlorn, and mournful through the leafless Grove:
But when returning Spring the Shades renews,
With Pleasure he the verdant Trees reviews:
His former Solitude bemoans no more,
But Bills and Cooes more closely than before.

Ros. I thank you for your Council and your }
Love;

But all your Arguments, tho' strong, will prove }
Too weak a Charm my Sorrows to remove.
Nothing alas! can e'er assuage my Pain,
Till *Henry* comes to my Embrace again.

Flor. Let not Despair thus wreck your tender Breast;
I'll sing, and tune your tortur'd Soul to rest.
Since all our Words have lost their Pow'r to please,
Musick perhaps may give your Sorrows Ease.
Musick has Charms, I've heard, to soften Rocks,
To temper Brutes, and bend the knotted Oaks.
To make the worst of Foes the dearest Friends,
And mitigate the Tortures of the Fiends.

Viol. When in times past the *Royal Hebrew's* Breast
Glow'd with Revenge, with anxious Cares oppress,
The *Young Jessean* tun'd his Harp so well,
The *Monarch's* Passion in a Moment fell:

His gloomy Thoughts were on a sudden gone,
Like dreary Mists at the approaching Sun.
The charming Sounds soon gave his Sorrows ease,
And all was Harmony, and all was Peace.

Flor. So when of Old kind *Orpheus* did repair
To the dark shades of Night and black Despair,
To seek the *Darling of his Heart*, and found her there:
In *Pluto's* Presence strait his Lyre he strung,
Tuneful he play'd, and tunefully he Sung.
The *Sullen God*, regardless of his Pains,
List'ned with Pleasure to his moving Strains:
Approv'd his Musick, and his Voice so well,
That he releas'd *Eurydice* from Hell.

Ros. Well then, since Musick has such Pow'r to
Charm,
To sooth the Mournful, and the Fierce disarm.
Why should its Power on me alone be lost?
Why shouldn't I its equal Virtues boast?
Begin, I'll listen to thy tuneful Strains,
They'll sure diminish, if not heal my Pains.

[*Rosamond* Seats herself in an easy Chair,
whilst *Fiorella* Sings the following SONG.

The CONSOLATION.

I.

The Pains which Absence does create,
True Lovers only know:
Cupid's a Tyrant and delights
To aggravate their Woe.

II.

But at the Last the God relents,
And the fond Couple meet:
Their former Separation makes
Their present Joys more sweet.

III.

So when the Waves like Mountains rise,
And Clouds condense the Sky,
The tim'rous Saylor trembling stands,
And thinks his Fate is nigh.

IV. But

IV.

*But when the Sun with Magic Pow'r
Dispels those Mists away;
When the rough Ocean's lull'd asleep,
And all around looks gay:*

V.

*Unmindful of his former Fears,
He boldly Ventures on:
The Pleasures of the present Calm
For the past Storm atone.*

After the SONG Rosamond rises.

Ros. Thanks to my Friends: Methinks my Griefs
are gone,

Vanish'd like Stars before the Rising Sun.

Farewel: --- I'll now retire within the Bow'r,

And wait with Patience for the happy Hour,

When the kind Winds shall waft my *Henry* o're,

And Land my *Lover* safe on *Albion's* Shore.

[She goes out, Florella follows her.]



SCENE III.

Violante alone. Martial Musick is heard at
a Distance.

Viol. **W**HAT Musick's that? what grateful sound
invades

My Ears, and Ecchoes through the winding Shades?

'Tis *HENRY's* favourite March, the Tune I know:

A Messenger at least! It must be so.

SCENE



SCENE IV.

Enter a *Messenger*.

Mes. GREAT Henry comes with ardent Love
Opprest,

You must prepare to lodge the Royal Guest.

Viol. The Bow'r, and Lady both are ready drest,
Fit to receive so great, so good a Guest.

Mes. Soon as the British Shores the *Victor* reach'd,
With speed his foaming Courser hither stretch'd:
And see! he comes; his eager Steps prevent
The very Message which himself hath sent.



SCENE V.

Enter King Henry, after a flourish of
Trumpets.

King WHERE is my Love, the Queen of my
Desires?

The dearest Partner of my softest Fires?

My Heart's impatient of the least Delay,

And every Moment seems a lazy Day.

Viol. Within yon Grove the *pensive* Fair does Mourn,
And languishes all Day for your Return.

C

In

In vain I strive to tune her Soul to rest;
 Nothing will please till with her *Monarch* blest.
 Your Presence only can her Joys restore;
 No Eyes, but those that wound *the Fair*, can Cure.

King. Was ever *Nymph* so fair, so true, so fond?
 Was ever *Angel* like my *Rosamond*?

With every Charm adorn'd, and every Grace,
 With endless Pleasure I her Beauties trace,
 And my fond Heart springs to her soft Embrace. }

Viol. The sight of you will soon the *Fair* revive,
 And to her Charms a double Lustre give.

King. Well then! with speed I'll to the Grove repair:
 For Oh! I own my Bliss all centers there.
 There will I shine like the great *God of Day*,
 And dissipate, like Clouds, her Cares away.

[*Turns to his Guards.*

Mean while, I Charge you, with Attention wait,
 To Guard the *Bow'r*, and watch the outward Gate.
 Let neither Envy, Grief, nor idle Fear,
 Nor any Love-sick Jealousy appear;
 Nor senseless Pomp, nor noisy Crowds intrude
 On *this Recess*, this *grateful Solitude* :
 But Pleasures only reign through all the Grove,
 And all around be Peace, and all be Love.

The End of the First A C T.



A C T



ACT II. SCENE I.

A Pavilion in the Middle of the Bower.

Enter *King, Rosamond, Violante, Florella, Guards, and other Attendants.*

King.



HUS let my weary Soul at length forget
The anxious Pleasures that attend the
Great.

Conquest and Glory let the Warriour prize,
And softer Charms with haughty Pride
despise;

Arms and the dusty Field I'll seek no more:
Thy lovely Eyes have Arbitrary Power.

Ros. Thus let me live retir'd, of thee possess,
Thou best of Partners, and of Princes best.
Thy Presence only can my Fears controul,
Heal my unquiet Mind, and tune my Soul.

King. Not *British* Shouts that rend the vaulted Sky;
Not bloody Plains where hostile Colours fly,
Not the *Gauls* Trumpets sounding a Retreat,
Not Thousand Captives prostrate at my Feet,
Give half those Transports that possess my Breast,
While thus I'm with my lovely Charmer blest.

Ros. With ease, alas! we credit what we love.
 But will my dearest *Henry* never rove?
 From his dear Bosom shall I ne'er be torn?
 Ne'er live again forsaken, and forlorn?
 Will he be only, be forever mine?
 Shall neither Time, nor Age our Souls disjoin?
 Shall no *New Beauty* his fond Heart surprise,
 And make him own the Triumph of her Eyes?

King. Hear, solemn *Jove*, and conscious *Venus*, hear,
 And thou, *bright Maid*, believe me whilst I swear;
 No Time, No Change, No future Flame shall move
 The well-plac'd Basis of my lasting Love.
 Should all thy Charms to wrinkled Age give way,
 Should Sickness make thy Graces all decay,
 Thy Coral Lips forsake their charming Red,
 Thy Cheeks look pale, and Life it self seem fled;
 Yet so much Goodness would be left behind,
 As would oblige me to be ever kind.
 For when those Eyes have once a Conquest won,
 The Captive must their Pow'r forever own.

Ros. Pardon the Thought; I own 'twas rash and
 vain,

A false Idea, and a fancy'd Pain.
 Henceforth I'll all my future Hours employ,
 Subservient only to my *Henry's* Joy :
 Henceforth I'll from my Heart all Doubts remove,
 And think my self more happy in thy Love,
 Than *Juno* in the soft Embrace of *Jove*. }

King. Forever blest be *Cytharea's* Shrine!
 May Fires eternal on her Altars shine!
 Since so much Truth in *Rosamonda's* found;
 Since in her Kindness my Ambition's crown'd.
 Since by each tender Look, each Thought, I see
 Her Joys and Sorrows center all in me.
 And sure I am, I wouldn't change this Hour,
 For all the Pomp, and all the Pride of Pow'r.

Ros. Oh! I could ever hear thy charming Tongue. }
 (Thy Voice is sweeter than the *Siren's* Song)
 And never think the happy Hours too long. }

No Woman sure was e'er so truly blest,
Nor of so great a Monarch's Heart possess'd.

King, No Prince was e'er so happy sure, to find
A Maid so beauteous, and so wondrous kind.

Oh! may our present Happiness endure,
From Fortune, Time, and envious Death secure!

Ros. Oh! may this Harmony forever last,
And every Hour prove happier than the past!

King, Trumpets and Drums shall celebrate our Bliss,
And Albion keep a Festival for this.

New Ways I'll study to oblige my Fair;
And thy Diversion shall be all my Care.

Go, Violante, call your Partners in,
And let your Rural Pastimes now begin.

[Here may be introduc'd any short Pastoral Dialogues, Songs, Figure-Dances, or any other Entertainments, as the Mistress shall think proper.] After the Interludes are over, the King and Rosamond rise.

King, Now, my fair Angel, I must take my Leave,
And give my wearied Eyes a short Reprieve.

In yon cool Grotto's artificial Night,
Refreshing Slumbers I'll a while invite;
Then seek again, reviv'd, my absent Fair,
With all the Love a tender Heart can bear.

[He goes out.]



SCENE II.

Rosamond alone.

FROM whence arise these sad presaging Fears,
These sudden Starts, these Sighs, and falling Tears?
Oft

Oft in my silent Dreams, at Dead of Night,
 I've seen, methought, Great *Henry* take his Flight,
 Wafted by Angels thro' the Realms of Light:
 While I, alas! abandon'd and forlorn,
 To some unheard of, gloomy Desert born,
 Have seem'd, thro' pathless Wilds, alone to stray,
 Without one Sun-Beam to direct my Way.
 'Tis Fiction all, and I will grieve no more:
 My Life has endless Blessings still in Store.
 Hence every Thought, and every anxious Care,
 'Tis Fiction all; for my lov'd *Henry's* here.

[*She goes out.*]



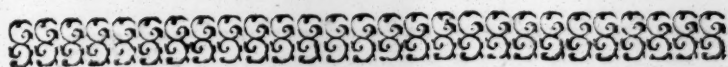
SCENE III.

The Entry of the Bower.

Enter *Cordelio* alone.

O ! The gay Prospect, the delicious View!
 Forever charming, and forever new!
 Here, lovely Greens of various Shades arise,
 Bedeck'd with fragrant Flowers of various Dyes:
 There, Fountains playing thro' the shady Trees,
 Add new Refreshment to the gentle Breeze.
 Here, stands a Rock, there, rolls a purling Stream:
 Sure 'tis a Vision! Sure 'tis all a Dream!

SCENE



SCENE IV.

Enter *Queen, Henrietta, Chloris, and other Attendants.*

Queen.

THE Bow'ry Vaults before my Eyes appear!
My Bosom pants with an unusual Fear:
A Thousand Checks my timorous Heart controul,
A Thousand Terrors shake my guilty Soul.
I see, with Horror see, my Hands embu'd
In purple Streams of my fair Rival's Blood.
Methinks I see the Victim gasp for Breath,
And start, and struggle in the Pangs of Death.
Methinks I see my raging, dying Lord,
And Oh! curst Fate, I see my self abhorr'd!

Cord. My Eyes o'erflow, my Heart with Grief is torn,
To hear my Queen, my Royal Mistress mourn. [*Aside.*

Queen. What Methods shall my trembling Soul pursue?
Teach me, ye Powers, O! teach me what to do.

Cord. Behold! Great Queen, that shady Bow'r will
shew

Where lies conceal'd your fair, your guilty Foe.
That conscious Scene of lawless Love contains
The fatal Cause of all your anxious Pains.

Queen. In yonder Vale I know my Rival lies:----
It is decreed,---- It shall be so,---- She dies.----

Help me, *Cordelio*, quickly to destroy
Her matchless Guilt, and her unbounded Joy.
No Sorrow sure can e'er with mine compare!
What Heart, tho' ne'er so great, can ever bear
The Pangs of raging Love, and wild Despair?

[*She goes out, Cordelio and the rest of
her Attendants follow her.*

SCENE



S C E N E V.

Enter *Rosamond* alone.

O Ravishing Delight! O rising Joy!
 No anxious Cares shall now my Peace annoy.
 To meet thy Bliss m' exalted Soul prepare:
[A Noise without.]
 My *Henry* comes, his well-known Steps I hear.
 ---What do I see?---- My Fate, alas! draws nigh.
 My injur'd Queen! ---- I'm doom'd, I fear, to die.



S C E N E VI.

Enter the *Queen*, with a Bowl of Poison in one Hand, and a Dagger in the other.
Henrietta and *Chloris* follow at a Distance.

Queen.

THUS arm'd with double Death resolv'd I'm
 come :
 Behold, vain Sorcerers, behold thy Doom.
 Thy mighty Crimes to their full Period tend,
 And *This*,--- or *This*,--- forthwith thy Days shall end.
Ros. What shall I say? or how shall I reply
 To the just Threats of your wrong'd Majesty?

Queen,

Or, the JEALOUS QUEEN. 21

Queen, 'Tis Guilt that does thy faultring Tongue
controul:

Be quick, and drink up all this fatal Bowl,
Or this Right Hand performs her Tragic Part,
And plants a Dagger in thy treacherous Heart.

Ros. O! Can *Britannia's* Queen give such Com-
mands,

Or can she dye in Blood her sacred Hands?
Shall such Resentments fire her generous Breast?

Britannia's Queen should such dark Deeds detest.

O! think, when Tides of Youthful Blood run high,
When Scenes of long expected Joys draw nigh,
'Tis double Death at such a Time to die.

Queen, To thee, whose *Fame's* become a *Publick*
Stain,

That Life thou plead'st for should be thought a Pain.

Ros. Who could resist thy *Henry's* matchless Charms,
And banish such a *Hero* from her Arms?

O! think a little on the tender Fires,
The melting Thoughts and languishing Desires,
That fill your Breast, when you the Charmer see;
Think on your self, and sure you'll pity me.

Queen, And dost thou thus thy horrid Guilt de-
plore?

Thy Fate is seal'd, and I will hear no more,

[*Holds the Dagger to her Breast.*]

Ros. O! gracious Queen, your lifted Arm restrain;
Behold these Tears! --- Let 'em not flow in vain.

O! let Compassion in your Bosom rise,
And hear with Pity my repenting Sighs.

Queen, In vain thou striv'st to move me with thy
Tears;

Fruitless are all thy Sighs, in vain thy Pray'rs.
Hope not a Day, no, not an Hour's Reprieve.

Ros. Tho' I live miserable let me live.
In some dark Cave let me forgotten lie,
Banish'd the Day, and every humane Eye:
Offended Heav'n, ev'n there I will adore,
Nor wish to see the *Sun*, or *Henry* more.

Queen,

Queen, Why does my tardy Vengeance thus delay?
My Arm this Moment shall my Rage obey.

Ros. Madam, thus prostrate at your Feet I fall:
Let me one Moment still for Mercy call! [*Kneels.*]

Queen, Mercy to Crimes less heinous may be due;
But Death and Horror shall thy Crimes pursue.

Ros. This fatal Bowl shall then prevent the Blow.----
[*Drinks.*]

O! Whither will my parted Spirits go?

Queen, Where thou thy Crimes forever shalt lament,
And wish in vain thou hadst been innocent.

Ros. Tyrant, my dying Soul with Fury burns,
And slighted Sorrow into Madness turns.
Think not, imperious Author of my Woe,
That dying *Rosamond* will leave thee so.
My murder'd Ghost shall haunt thee in the Night,
And with her hideous Screams thy Soul affright.
And, when the Night her sable Curtain draws,
Thy Lord, my *Henry*, shall revenge my Cause.-----
Whither, O! whither does my Frenzy drive?
Forgive my Passion, and your Wrongs forgive.
My Veins are frozen, and my Blood grows chill,
And all the weary Springs of Life stand still.
Death's Icy Hand benumbs my Limbs all o'er,
And now your *Hated Rival* is no more.

[*Sinks down into an easy Chair.*]

Queen, When *Vanquish'd Foes* beneath us prostrate
lie,

Is it not very great to bid them die?
But how much greater is it to forgive,
To set them free, and let the *Captives* live!

[*Turns to Henrietta and Chloris.*]

Draw nigh, my Friends, and mark your Queens
Commands;

Beneath yon Hills a private *Convent* stands,
Where the fam'd Streams of *Isis* softly stray;
Thither the breathless Coarse forthwith convey,
And bid the *Cloyster'd Nuns*, with pious Care,
The solemn Funeral Rites this Night prepare.

[*They carry Rosamond off.*
Queen]

Queen alone.

Now, now the Conflict of my Mind is o'er,
And faithless *Rosamond* shall charm no more.
Hence every Thought, and every anxious Care;
Hence every Torment that attends Despair.
Now shall my *Henry* live with me alone;
Now the gay *Hero* shall be all my own.
Scepters and Crowns could no such Transports give;
'Tis Pain without my *Better Half* to live.

The End of the Second ACT.



ACT



ACT III. SCENE I.

A Grotto.

The *King* asleep upon a Bank of Flowers:
 A Cloud descends, and in it Four
Guardian Angels, with *Emblems* in their
 Hands of War and Peace. The first
 comes forward, and sings *Genius of*
England. After the Song is ended, all
 join in a *Figure-Dance*, to a Martial
 Tune.

1st *Angel*.



E E, how dejected *Albion's* Mo-
 NARCH lies!

Restless in Thought, tho' Sleep has
 clos'd his Eyes.

Let us with double Diligence attend;
 For on our Care his future Joys de-
 pend.

2d *Angel*.

In Fields of Death, my *Post* shall be, to spread
 A Shield of Adamant around his Head.

3d *Angel*.

3d Angel.

And Mine, in Peace to guard the Throne unseen,
And Reconcile the *Hero*, and the *Queen*.

4th Angel.

When Hosts of Foes the Warrior shall surround,
Bravely he shall retreat without a Wound.
I will engage their Fauchions to misguide,
And turn their pointed Arrows all aside.

1st Angel.

When *Factions* shall at Home begin to swell,
And prompt th' ambitious Soldiers to *Rebel*;
Such inward Fears, such Terrors I'll create,
As shall their *best form'd Plots* at once defeat.

2d Angel.

But who has Skill sufficient to remove
The Pangs of Sorrow, and the Rage of Love?

5d Angel.

I'll fire his Godlike Soul with mighty Themes.

4th Angel.

And I'll his Troubles sooth in pleasing Dreams.

1st Angel.

So shall *fond Love* before *Ambition* fly,
And *boundless Grief* in *endless Raptures* die.

2d Angel.

What'er in *British Annals* can be found,
That's truly great, Heroic, and renown'd;
What'er uncommon Actions shall adorn
Great *Britain's* Champions that are yet unborn,
In visionary Slumbers shall succeed:
The *Gauls* shall in imaginary Battles bleed.
Cressy shall stand before the *Monarch's* Eyes,
And *Agincourt's* and *Blenhiem's* Conquests rise.

3d Angel.

Behold! Great *Henry* smiles amidst his Trance,
And shakes, with seeming Joy, a fancy'd Lance.
His thoughtful Brain is fill'd with loud Alarms,
The Shouts of Armies, and the Clash of Arms.----
See! Glory strives:---- The Field at last is won:----
Honour revives, and lawless Passion's gone.

D

4th Angel.

4th Angel.

'The God of Love now pleads his Cause in vain;
 Now Henry's Heart is proof to every Pain.
 His growing Pleasures can no Compass keep,
 And are too vehement, too fierce for Sleep.

[The Angels ascend, and the Vision disappears.]



S C E N E II.

Henry starting from the Couch.

SURE, in some *Fairy Land* I've lately been!
 Such mighty Joys, such Wonders I have seen
 Still does the Prospect stand before my Eyes,
 And still a Crowd of glorious Objects rise:
 A Thousand Fights, and Triumphs immature,
 That lie in deep Futurity obscure,
 Break forth, and to the open Day display'd,
 'Too plain my soft, inglorious Hours upbraid.
 Transported with so bright, so gay a Scheme,
 My waking Life appears, methinks, a Dream.----
 Farewel, ye Rosy Brakes, a long Adieu:
 Henry no more must think of Love, or you.
 O! beauteous *Rosamond*, Oh, rising Woe!
 Why do my weeping Eyes so fast o'erflow?
 How shall my trembling Heart it's Purpose tell,
 And bear to take her long, her last Farewel?----
 Rise, *Great Ambition*, rise in all thy Charms,
 Thy gilded Banners spread, and burnish'd Arms.
 Let the Drums beat, and the shrill Trumpets joia
 To animate my Soul with Rage divine.
 Try all thy Arts my Passion to remove;
 'Twill ask them all, to *Vanquish lawless Love*.

[He goes out.]

S C E N E



SCENE III.

A TABLE, on which stands the *Queen's Bowl*, with the *Dagger* lying by it, and a *Letter* directed to the *King*, with Information of the Death of *Rosalmond*.

Enter the *Queen* alone.

LOOK down, ye Stars, ye Pow'rs divine, look down,

And make the Cause of Innocence your own.

Instruct my Tongue my *Henry* to allwage,

Revive his Love, or mitigate his Rage. ---

But see! my Lord appears, he hither flies,

And Lightning flashes in his angry Eyes. ---

I dread the Storm, and therefore will retire,

Lest Sight of me should fan his Passions higher.

[*She retires to the farther End of the Stage.*]



SCENE IV.

Enter the *King*.

MY Heart presages some ill Fate is near!
 Why should I tremble else, unus'd to fear?
 Why should my Soul with secret Horror shake?
 No idle Dreams could such Impressions make.

D 2

What

What means this melancholy, silent Shew,
This Pomp of Death, this Tragic Scene of Woe?

[*Surveys the Bowl and Dagger, and peruses the Letter.*
Death to my Eyes!---- What News is this I read.----

GREAT SIR, *your beauteous ROSAMOND is dead.*----

What shall I say, or whither shall I turn?

With Rage and Love alternately I burn.

From Thought to Thought my restless Soul is tost,

And in the Whirle of boundless Passion lost.----

Why did I not, ye Powers, in Battle fall,

Crush'd by the mighty Thunder of the *Gaul*?

Why did my Bosom miss the pointed Spear?

Life's now a Torment that's too great to bear.----

But see! the fatal Cause of all my Fears,

[*The Queen comes forward.*

The Source of all my Sorrows now appears.-----

Madam, No unexpected Guest is here;

That Bowl declar'd *Britannia's* Queen was near.

Queen, Why in these Shades do I my Lord receive?

King, Is this the Welcome, Madam, that you give?

Queen, Thus coldly should divided Lovers meet?

King, And is it thus, that we like Strangers greet?

Queen, What Pleasures could these guilty Shades
afford,

Becoming thee, *Mine*, and *Great England's* Lord?

Degenerate Thoughts, I fear, have fir'd your Breast.

King, The Thirst of Blood, I fear, has yours possess'd.

Thy Hands my *Rosamonda's* Blood has shed.

O! tell me, Tygres, where the *Maid's* convey'd;

In Floods of Sorrow I'll lament her Shade.

No *Nymph* e'er mov'd with such a graceful Air,

No *Rose* e'er smelt so sweet, no *Lilly* look'd so fair.

Queen, My Lord, I see your Heart with Anguish
torn;

'Tis Death to me to see my *Henry* mourn.

The *Living*, Sir, you mourn, while *injur'd* I,

To be so lov'd. so moan'd, would freely die.

King, Does she then *Live*? ---- Oh! speak that Word
again:

Why will you dally with a Monarch's Pain?

Queen,

Queen, Was your Fair *Rosamond*, my Foe, alive,
Wouldn't your Love, and all my Wrongs revive?

King, Oh! No,--- By wondrous Visions from above,
I'm summon'd to the Field, and freed from Love.

Queen, O joyful News! --- Then cease, my Lord,
to grieve,

And know your *Rosamonda's* still alive.----

The Bowl by me with drowsy Juices fill'd,
From cold *Egyptian* Drugs by Art distill'd,
In borrow'd Death has clos'd awhile her Eyes;

But soon the waking *Nymph* again shall rise,
In a close *Convent*, far remov'd, shall shine,
And spend her Time in Songs and Hymns divine:

Shall make *Attonement* for herself, and you,

And bid the guilty World with Joy ADIEU. }

King, How blest is *Henry*, if this News be true!

In Life and Bliss do but secure the Fair,
I'll never ask you how she lives, or where.

Forever from my youthful Fancy fled,
May the whole World declare, and think her dead.

The Charms of Beauty I'll no more pursue:
But wish alone to live and die with you.

Queen, How does my joyful Heart; for such a
Prize,

The Censures of th' ill judging World despise!

Oh! change no more, and I'll forgive what's past,
Think all a Dream, and *Rosamonda* chaste.

King, This wondrous Goodness how shall I repay!
Forever blest be this auspicious Day!

Sure none would to Forbidden Pleasures rove;

That ever knew the Sweets of Virtuous Love.

Queen, Marriage alone can solid Joys dispence,
And join true Happiness with INNOCENCE.

King, This Reconcilement let the Goddess Fame,
With her shrill Trump, to distant Realms proclaim:

Whilst, here at Home, we revel in Delight,
And close, with a SHORT BALL, this happy Night.

F I N I S.

EPILOGUE.



EPILOGUE.



S Timorous Sailors, *when the Surges beat,*
And rouse th' Old Ocean from his calm
Retreat,
With aching Hearts behold the Tempest
rise,

And wish to Make the Shore with weeping Eyes:
Yet, when the Wind's allay'd, all Sorrow's gone,
Thoughtless of Dangers past, All venture on,
And one calm Hour does for the Storm atone.

So We, when we appear in Publick View,
Are apprehensive of each Look from You:
Fearful, lest our Attempt your Frowns should raise,
And meet with Censure whilst we aim at Praise.
But when we find that You espouse our Cause,
And raise our drooping Spirits with Applause;
With a fresh Ardour we OUR TASKS renew,
And spare no Pains to be approv'd by You.

To you, Kind Ladies, we for Refuge fly:
Let your Good Nature our Defects supply.
Your wonted Charms let generous Smiles display,
And drive our little Fears, like Mists, away.
Accept of what we've done, tho' done amiss,
And with Applause our Harmless Sports dismiss.
This NEW ESSAY let your Indulgence spare,
We'll Practise thus before you Once a Year.
But, should OUR TASK to Night your Spleen procure,
We'll ask Forgiveness, and Offend no more.



INNOCENCE BETRAY'D:
OR, THE
ROYAL IMPOSTOR.

A
Dramatic Entertainment,

OF TWO ACTS.

As it was PERFORM'D

By the Young LADIES of MRS. BELLAMY'S
School, (*being One of their Annual* PUB-
LICK EXERCISES) with the general
Approbation of their Friends.



Printed in the Year MDCCXXIII.



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PROLOGUE.

A *Messenger* delivers a Letter, as from the *Actors* to the *Prolocutor*. After a short Perusal, she tears it with Resentment, and begins:



W'on't speak this PROLOGUE:--- Go tell 'em so;

If they no Wit, I can some Manners shew.

I put on Airs, and huff the Audience! Tell 'em 'tis rude; and argues want of Sense.----

No, LADIES, I'll ~~an~~ *humbler Method take,*
And will presume no PROLOGUE here to speak:
You thought I would,----*but* People may mistake. }

Were you to wreck the fruitfullest Invention,
You can't imagine what is my Intention:
But, not to be too tedious, I'll explain
The mighty PROJECT of my teeming Brain.
'Tis this,---- with all due Reverence and Submission,
To sum up all our Wants in a PETITION.

Were you to know how great is our Distress,
What Pains we take at Times like these for Dress,
We couldn't ask your Aid without Success. }

No Country Heiress, that to Town resorted,
Full of her self, and longing to be courted,
E'er took that Care to drive the City thro',
And ransack every Shop for something gay and new.

First then, we move you GENTLEMEN and BEAUS,
To furnish us with all your finest Cloaths:

Fring'd

P R O L O G U E.

Fring'd Gloves, Tye-Wiggs, Edg'd Hats, *with smart*
Cockades,

And Morning-Gowns made all of rich Brocades:
Embroider'd Coats and Waistcoats, *if you'll spare 'em:*
We ask no Bréechès, ----- 'ten't our Place to wear 'em.

Now to you, LADIES, humbly we apply
For a fresh Grant of all your Finery:
Your Brilliants, Locketts, Watches, Tweezer-Cases,
Flow'rs for our Heads, and Patches for our Faces:
Hoops, Fringes, Store of Pins and Bodkins,
Besides a Thousand other little odd Things
Too tedious here in Order to express,
And not so proper for a SHORT ADDRESS.
We're All ambitious of appearing fine,
And fain would with uncommon Lustre shine.
Then send these Trinkets in without Delay,
And your Petitioners shall ever pray.



Persons N A M E S.

M E N.

Manlius.

Granius, *Attendant on Manlius.*

Clodio, *Page to Manlius.*

W O M E N.

Eudofia.

Lucia, *Attendant on Eudofia:*

Four Priests of DIANA.

Guards, Priests, Dancers, and other Attendants.

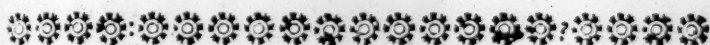
S C E N E.

The Temple of DIANA, and adjacent Parts in ROME.

INNOCENCE



INNOCENCE BETRAY'D:
OR, THE
ROYAL IMPOSTOR.



ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter *Manlius* and *Clodio*.

Manlius.



COME hither, *Clodio*, thou must
leave thy Play,
And be my *little Mercury* to Day.
Thou hast a pretty, forward, win-
ning Face,
And may'st in time deserve a bet-
ter Place.
Canst thou cajole and flatter?
Canst thou tell

A Lover's Story to a Lady well?

If so;-- Go to *Endofia's* Chamber:-- On her wait,
And entertain her with thy harmless Chat.

Thou'lt

36 INNOCENCE BETRAY'D:

Thou'lt gain an easy Audience from the Fair;
Thy prating Nonsense she'll with Pleasure hear.
Perhaps regard, my Boy, what thou shalt say,
Tho' when I speak, she turns with Scorn away.
In thy Discourse let drop thy Master's Name,
And whisper now and then his ardent Flame.

Perhaps thy Tongue may prove a *Cupid's* Dart,
And melt with his soft Fires her frozen Heart.

Clod. Great Sir, I'll do the very best I can,
And wish (to serve you more) I was a Man.
But as I am, I can run to and fro,
And drop a careless Letter as I go;
Can, while my Lady dresses, sing a Song,
(Which she'll suspect not as I am so young)
Wherein your Love shall bear the greatest Part,
And that Way steal a Passage to her Heart.

Manl. There's my good Boy, thou understand'st me
well;

And mayst thou with Success my Passion tell.
If not,--- a Thousand Ways I'll still contrive;
New Plots I'll form to make my Hopes revive.
In various Shapes I will pursue my Love,
Shapes more than *Proteus* knew, or the dread Thund're

Jove.

But e're I go, exert thy little Art,
And let me hear how thou wilt act thy Part.
Practise thy *Song* before me, let me see
How thy soft Sounds will with my Love agree.

Clod. With Pleasure I obey:--- But, my good Lord,
If I succeed, I hope you'll keep your Word.

[*Clodio sings.*]

THE SONG.

I.

'Tis Agonizing Pain to Love
Where we can meet with no Return:
To find the Fair as Marble cold,
While in tormenting Fires we burn.

II. O do

II.

O do not then, Celestial Maid,
To the Great Manlius cruel prove!
The coyest Nymph that e'er was known,
With Joy resign'd her Charms to Jove.

Manl. O! may thy little Arts propitious prove,
And melt the beauteous Virgin down to Love!
If thou but prosper'st, thou shalt be supply'd
With all New Play-Things, and a Horse beside.



S C E N E II.

Scene draws, and discovers *Eudofia* sitting
at a Table, with a Book in her Hand,
and *Lucia* attending by her. She reads
part of a Poem against *Sensual Pleasures*.

MISTAKEN Man! Is this the fancy'd all?
The Tinsell'd Nothing, that we Pleasure call?
Oh shameful Barbarism! No Figure can excuse
The vile Absurdity, the gross Abuse.
Pleasure is only proper to the Soul,
That can our misled Faculties controul.
Ah! Could we but with searching Knowledge come
Into some quiet Soul's Withdrawing Room!
Content, hem'd round with Joys, we there might find:
Content, the celebrated Sabbath of the Mind.

[*Eudofia shuts the Book, and rises.*]

End. With what a Lustre must that Virgin shine,
The Objects of whose Thoughts are all divine!

E

Whose

38 INNOCENCE BETRAY'D:

Whose free born Soul does like the Eagle rise,
And whilst on Earth converses with the Skies.

Luc. Madam, to Heav'n, I own Devotion's due;
But no cold Vestal ever liv'd like you.
In Contemplation your whole Time is spent:
'The Bow, methinks, should sometimes be unbent.
Some little Pleasures the kind Gods approve,
And Heav'n's bright Queens obey'd the Calls of Love.
Venus would court *Adonis* to her Arms,
And the chaste *Moon* confess *Endymion's* Charms.
Why then should you such licens'd Joys despise,
And look on *Manlius* with such scornful Eyes?

End. *Lucia*, thy ill tim'd Arguments forbear,
Thou know'st his Name's ungrateful to my Ear.
Sure thou'rt instructed, hast receiv'd a Fee,
To prove an Advocate for him with me.
But all in vain; for I shall ever prove
Cold as a Statue to his ardent Love.

Luc. Pardon me, Madam, I'd no other View
In the Proposal, but my Zeal for you.
His Wealth and Grandeur would melt me, I own:
I couldn't scorn a Lover with a Crown.

End. Scepters and Crowns, 'tis true, are dazzling
Things;
But anxious Cares attend the best of Kings.
Soft, easy Quiet sits not on a Throne;
Nor can a Monarch call one Day his own.
In my Opinion, happier is the Swain,
That daily Labours on the verdant Plain:
Where Nature's Landskips only charm his Sight,
With all her unexpensive, green Delight.
As for my Part, tho' Fate has rais'd me high,
In pleasing Solitude I'll live and die.
To Heav'n alone devote my future Days,
And sing, whilst I have Life, *Diana's* Praise.

[*Eudofia* sits down to her Book again.

Clodio knocks at the outward Door.

End. *Lucia*, Step down, and see who knocks below.

[*Lucia* goes out. And returns again.

Luc. 'Tis *Clodio*, Madam, come to wait on you.

End.

Or, the ROYAL IMPOSTOR. 39

End. Well, let him up. (*Lucia goes out.*) What
would the Pratler have?
The Play-Things which I promis'd him, I gave.



SCENE III.

Lucia introduces Clodio to Eudofia.

End. **S**O, Sir, and what's your weighty Errand
pray?

Clod. To sing you the *New Song* I learn'd to Day.
Corelli set it, and the *Air* is fine,
So are the *Words*; for you must know, they're mine.

End. Thy Infant-Poetry no doubt must charm,
Must needs be innocent, and void of harm.

Well then, begin, thy little Skill exert,
And I'll reward thee to thy just Desert.

[*Clodio sings.*

'Tis Agonizing Pain to love,

Where we can meet with no Return: &c.

End. Fie, *Clodio*, fie, why would'st thou tell me
Lies?

Thy Fancy never cou'd such Thoughts devise.
You shou'd be whipt, young Man, for Songs like
these.

Clod. What should I sing then? for I fain would
please.

End. Psalms, *Clodio*, Psalms, and sometimes Hymns
divine.

Their Air's melodious, and Composure fine.

40 INNOCENCE BETRAY'D:

Clod. Psalms, Madam! --- School-Boys only sing
Psalm-Tunes:

We Pages, better taught, sing Court-Lampoons.

Eud. Go, get you gone, you idle Prater, go ;
I'll never love you more for talking so. [*Frowns.*]

Clod. I beg your Pardon, Madam, on my Knees.

What I have said I'm sorry should displease.

Oh! send me not without a Smile away :

Be Friends again, or I shall cry all Day. [*Weeps.*]

Eud. Well, well, I am: This Fault I shall forget;

But have a Care how you the next commit.

[*Clodio bows and goes out.*]

How soon corrupted is a tender Mind!

How soon are *Youth* to vicious Thoughts inclin'd!

Too few, alas, the Paths of Virtue tread,

Who're nobly born, or in a Palace bred.

[*As Eudofia is going out, she meets
Manlius, and turns back in Disorder.*]



S C E N E IV.

Enter *Manlius* to *Eudofia*.

Manlius.

WHY dost thou thus, fair Maid, thy Lover shun?
Why veil those Eyes by which he is undone?
Thou should'st have hid their killing Fires before,
Or mingled kind Compassion with their Pow'r.

Eud. Why will you thus in vain disturb my Rest?
How often have I beg'd you to desist?

So many Times I have your Suit deny'd,
Methinks, my Lord, you might be satisfy'd.

Manl.

Manl. Think of the wondrous Patience of my Love!
Let my unwearied Zeal thy Pity move.

Think of the Pains your cold Rebukes create!

Think how a Prince lies prostrate at your Feet!

O! Cease to wound me with your angry Eyes;

For my fond Passion tho' suppress'd will rise.

As the weak Reed, when the cold North Wind blows,

Yields to the boist'rous Blast, and lowly bows:

Yet still the Storm insults it but in vain,

By slow Degrees it swells, and mounts again.

Eud. Why will you still your Luckless Passion move,

And follow One that is averse to Love?

Manl. Because my Peace of Mind is that way flown,

And I must find her out, or be undone.

Eud. O! think not, Sir, I e'er shall ease your Pain:

Virtue's impregnable; your Siege is vain.

Manl. Sure some ill Planet rul'd when I was born,

That I should thus become a Woman's Scorn! [*Aside,*

You think with Pride my Pow'r you may withstand,

Because I sue for what I might command. [*To her.*

O! Madam, think a little, with what Ease,

I, as a Monarch, might the Blessing seize!

But Force dissolves the Pleasures we propose,

And more the Tyrant, than the Lover, shows.

O do not then my long'd for Joys deny!

Name your own Terms, and *Manlius* will comply.

Eud. Could you then sully your unspotted Fame,

And quit your Honour for a Lovesick Flame?

Could you the Censures of the World despise,

For such a Conquest, such a trifling Prize?

Manl. A Trifle! --- No,--- To Heav'n thou art

ally'd;

Art Nature's Master-Piece, her greatest Pride:

Thy Form, when finish'd, she with Pleasure view'd,

Excell'd herself, and own'd the Work was good. }

Eud. O! that those Charms had perish'd in the }

Bud!

Manl. O direful Imprecation! -----

Eud. ----- Not too great,

When those soft Charms my Ruin would create.

42 INNOCENCE BETRAY'D:

Cease, cease your Suit; for Virtue can't comply :
Or do a Deed of Mercy, let me die.

Manl. Inexorable Fair, why shouldst thou prove
So bold a Rebel to the Cause of Love?

Eud. Consider, Sir, when Vice and Virtue meet,
They must run counter, can't incorporate.

Manl. Must we then part forever? ———

Eud. ——— Ever part. ———
My Resolution's fixt. ———

Manl. ——— You'll break my Heart.

Eud. To chaste *Diana* I'll for Refuge fly,
Will live a *Virgin*, and a *Virgin* die.

[*She goes out.*]

Manlius alone.

She's gone,----with fierce Resentment in her Eyes:
Yet still, if possible, I'll win the Prize.

What Wiles, what Stratagems can do I'll try,

And, if all fail, to sweet Revenge I'll fly.

My Love repuls'd with double Fury burns,

And by her Scorn enrag'd to Madness turns.

So when a Fire a Field of Corn does sieze,

If the Wind's hush, it burns by slow Degrees:

But if a furious Tempest chance to rise,

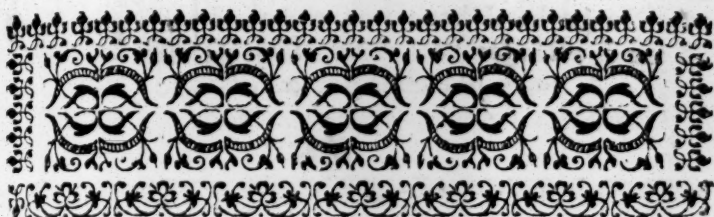
At once the Flame does the whole Field surprize,

And mounts with Fury to the distant Skies.

The End of the First ACT.



ACT



ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter *Manlius* and *Clodio*.

Clodio.



LET not your Brows, my Lord, such
Wrinkles wear;

Your *Clodio* cannot your Displeasure bear.
All I could do, to urge your Suit, I
did,

I sung the little amorous Song you
made,

And every Thing, I thought would please, I said.
Yet still she frown'd: ---Go, thou'rt a naughty Boy;
Thou shouldst not thus, said she, thy Thoughts employ.
If thou'rt dispos'd to sing, sing Hymns divine:
Church-Musick, *Clodio*, is exceeding fine.

Who could have thought that one so wondrous fair,
Could be so superstitious, so austere?

Manl. Well, well, I am not angry, my dear Boy;
I shall at last the frozen Fair enjoy.

Tho' some small Clouds at present intervene,

The Sky e'er long will be again serene.

Tho' all thy Art could no Impression make,

The SCHEME I now have form'd must surely take.

Granius, my Boy, shall on *Eudofia* wait,

And lay these blazing Jewels at her Feet.

[Shows a Bracelet.

A Gift

44 INNOCENCE BETRAY'D:

A Gift so costly must successful prove,
Must make her Virtue nod, and yield to Love:
So the coy *Danae* was charm'd by *Jove*.

[*Manlius goes out, Clodio follows him.*]



S C E N E II.

Enter *Eudofia* and *Granius*: *Lucia* attending at a Distance.

End. TALK not to me, officious Slave, of Love:

All thy Persuasions will Successless prove,
Go, tell thy Master I his Flame despise;
Tho' *Manlius* sues, *Eudofia* still denies.

Gran. Oh, fair *Eudofia*, if my Master's Charms
Cannot attract you to his longing Arms,
Think on his Wealth, let that your Fancy raise:
See, with what Lustre all these Jewels blaze!
Here wanton *Cupid* plays with subtle Art,
And every glittering Gem appears a Dart.

[*Offers her the Bracelets.*]

End. *Granius*, begone, and back thy Presents bear;
Tell *Manlius* I his Bracelets scorn to wear.
Tell him his Passion does ungrateful prove,
And my Disdain is equal to his Love.

Come, virtuous *Lucia*, now the Hour's at Hand,
When we before *Diana's* Shrine should stand,
Should at her Altars our Devotion pay,
And beg the usual Blessings of the Day.
Still art thou there? --- [*Looks earnestly on Granius.*]

My

My flutt'ring Heart with high Resentment beats;
For Virtue suffers when with Shame she treats.
Ye Powers divine, who guard a *Virgin's* Fame,
Let no licentious wish my Breast enflame.

[*She goes out: Lucia following, Granius calls her back.*]



SCENE III.

Gran. **L**UCIA!

Luc. What News, my *Granius*? What Success? --- Declare.

Gran. Great *Manlius* loves, yet loving must despair:

Eudofia proves as scornful, as she's fair.

No Vestal Virgin e'er was half so cold:

Pray'rs can't prevail, nor yet Almighty Gold.

Behold, the glorious Present she withstood!

[*Shews the Bracelet.*]

Sure she was never made of Flesh and Blood!

'Tisn't a Virtue, *Lucia*, but a Vice,

To be so very coy, so very nice.

Lucia, Must Women then, because they've beauteous
Eyes,

Resign at once, be made an easy Prize.

No, *Granius*, No: ————

Our Sex a Lovers Onsets should withstand,

And ne'er surrender, but with Sword in Hand.

Gran. And could my *Lucia* then so cruel prove,

With real Pleasure to torment her Love?

To smile at all his anxious Cares and Pain,

And not compassionate her dying Swain?

Luc. *Granius*, thou know'st how much thy Form I
prize,

How much I doat upon those killing Eyes:

How

46 INNOCENCE BETRAY'D:

How freely I could fly into thy Arms,
And yield with Joy to thee my Youthful Charms:
Yet still, I own my Vanity, 'tis great
To see a Lover prostrate at one's Feet:
See him all drown'd in Tears before one lie,
Languish and pine, and seem at least to die.

Gran. Hark! *Manlius* comes: ---- My *Lucia*, pray retire.

Thou must not now be seen: ---- He's all on fire:----
His Eye-Balls start:---- He rages with Despair;----
Yet loves, and is resolv'd t'obtain the Fair.

[*Lucia goes out: Granus retires to the farther Part of the Stage.*]



S C E N E IV.

Enter *Manlius*, *Clodio*, and other Attendants.

Manl. **O**H! God of Love, thou anxious, pleasing Guest,

How are thy Votaries pain'd, and yet how blest!
Now like a Ship in thy vast Ocean tost,
Now seem in Port, yet in a Moment lost!
Now restless Fears like tumbling Surges rowl,
Now rising Hopes revive their drooping Soul!----

[*Sees Granus.*]

Granus, what News from the fair Maid I love?
Will she be kind, or does sh'obdurate prove?

Gran. 'Tis hard, Great Sir, a Woman's Thoughts to read,

any Words that from her Tongue proceed.

Manl.

Or, the ROYAL IMPOSTOR. 47

Manl. Hold me not in Suspence! ---- Oh, ease my Pain!

And say, dear *Granius*, say what Hopes remain.

Am I to live, or am I to despair?

Speak boldly, and my Fate at once declare.

Gran. Then, Sir, to mitigate your raging Pain:

Take *This*: ---- *This* fully will your Fate explain.

[Returns the Bracelet.

Manl. Does then the cruel Fair still scorn my Love?

Will no Persuasions the cold Virgin move?

Is she so very coy, so wondrous nice,

To slight a Present of so great a Price? ----

Granius, this Treatment I can never bear. ----

Eudofia's Fetters I'll no longer wear. ----

It is resolv'd, ---- The beauteous Maid shall bleed, ----

And Vengeance shall my injur'd Love succeed.

--- Yet hold, --- Methinks she hovers round my Heart, ---

My Blood runs cold: ---- 'Twill fatal prove to part. ----

O! *Granius*, some New STRATAGEM contrive,

To make my dying Hopes once more revive.

Upon thy Art, thy Friendship I rely:

For if *Eudofia's* lost I surely die.

Gran. Vengeance, my Lord, will ne'er your Love appease,

Like Oil, 'twill make the Flame more fiercely blaze.

Some other Way your *Granius* will devise

To gain a Conquest o'er *Eudofia's* Eyes. ---- [Pauses. }

--- I have it; ---- You shall wed her in Disguise.

Your scornful Fair's a superstitious Maid,

And thro' her Zeal with Ease may be betray'd.

Manl. Go on: ---- There's Mystick Musick in thy Tongue:

Thy Words are sweeter than the *Syrens* Song.

Gran. Oft she with *Lucia* to the Temple goes,

And at *Diana's* Alter pays her Vows.

There you shall come, and stand before her Eyes

In all the Pomp Religion can devise:

Like Great APOLLO come, and in his Name

Make known with sure Success thy ardent Flame.

With

48 INNOCENCE BETRAY'D:

With Gifts profuse suborn the Priestly Train;
They'll join, and bless the pious Fraud for Gain.

Manl. Kind Statesman, I thy Politicks approve:
Take this, ---- as Earnest of my future Love.

[Gives him a Diamond Ring.]

Still serve my Flame, and you shall never want
Any Reward, that *Manlius* can grant.

I'll summon all the Priests, thy *Scheme* disclose,
And bribe them high as wisely you propose.

Granius, this Signet to *Octavio* bear.

Take Gold untold : ---- No Pains, no Cost I'll spare,
To melt into my Arms this *Frozen Fair*.

[*Granius* goes out.]

Manlius alone.

O beauteous Goddess ! O bright Queen of Love!
Look down, and to my Wish propitious prove.

O ! let her Heart once feel thy pleasing Fire,
And breathe into her Soul some soft Desire !

[*He* goes out.]



S C E N E V.

Enter *Granius*, *Lucia* following him.

Luc. **G**RANIUS !

Gran. My dearest Love, I must not, dare not stay
But to the Temple I must hast away.

Yet 'e're I go, receive this little Store,

[Gives her a Purse of Gold.]

And if thy *Granius* prospers, think of more. ----

My

My rising *Genius* now is busy grown,
And Fortune seems resolv'd my Worth to crown.
My Breast now glows with Thoughts of sudden State,
And *Jove* declares that *Granius* shall be great.

Luc. Let such vain Transports, *Granius*, stand confin'd,

And to thy meaner Fortunes suit thy Mind.
These Extasies would far more welcome be,
Rightly employ'd on tender Love and me.

Gran. For that we will some other Time allow;
Business of great Importance calls me now.
Thy Interest in great *Manlius* Suit I crave,
Prove but successful, and I'll be thy Slave.

Luc. A Bribe more precious *Lucia* ne'er can have. }
[They go out severally.]



SCENE VI.

The Temple of DIANA.

Four *Priests* come forward. and bow to
the Altar, several other *Priests* attending.

1st *Priest*, **T**O thee we bow, Great Sister of the
SUN.

2d *Priest*, Accept our Homage, and look kindly
down.

3d *Priest*, Accept our Incense, and incline thine Ear,

4th *Priest*, And be propitious to our fervent Pray'r.

[While the *Priests* are performing their respective Ceremonies, the Musick plays after a solemn Manner.]

F

SCENE



S C E N E VII.

Enter *Eudofia*, *Lucia*, and other Attendants. The *Priests* turn from the Altar, and address themselves to *Eudofia*.

1st Priest, **H**AILE! sweet *Eudofia*, happiest of thy Race!

Brightest of Forms! Thou Nature's Master-Piece!

2^d Priest, Sure framing thee Heav'n took unusual Care,

By its own Beauties it design'd thee Fair,
And form'd thee by the best lov'd Angel there.

3^d Priest, Thy Coldness to Great *Manlius* can't be blam'd,

Thy Mortal Beauties have a God enflam'd.

4th Priest, Our bright *APOLLO* has beheld thy Eyes,
And now from Heav'n, to wait on thee, he flies.

Eud. This wondrous Honour is too great to bear;
My Heart is fill'd with a Religious Fear.

1st Priest, Your Fears, tho' pious, yet all groundless prove,

Since 'tis your bounden Duty now to love.

1st Priest, O! don't presume to thwart Heav'n's great Design,

But with Submission to the God resign.

3^d Priest, So shall a Train of Joys possess thy Soul,
And Heav'nly Transports all thy Pow'rs controul.

4th Priest, But if profanely you reject his Love,
Withstand his Offer, and disdainful prove:

Soon will that Bloom of Beauty fade away,
And Sickness make thy youthful Charms decay.

Eud.

Or, the ROYAL IMPOSTOR. 51

End. Yet still I doubt:---Some further Proof declare,
That you from Heav'n this wondrous Message bear.

1st Priest, Last Night as in the Temple late we
pray'd,

APOLLO call'd: We strait the *Call* obey'd,
And listen'd with Surprise to what he said.

2d Priest, Arise, said he, and to *Eudofia* go:
What Honours I've design'd her let her know.

3d Priest, Strait to the Temple let the *Maid* repair;
Soon her APOLLO will with Pomp appear.

4th Priest, Before her Eyes will *Great* APOLLO stand,
And from *Herself* her *Beauteous Self* demand.

End. I yield, I yield, new Transports fire my Breast;
Seraphic Joys too great to be express:

Uncommon Pleasures glide thro' all my Veins,
And amply recompence my former Pains.

1st Priest, Look up, bright *Maid*, APOLLO does appear.

2d Priest, I see him sailing in the ambient Air.

3d Priest, Let all your Instruments of Musick sound,
And solemn Measures beat the hollow'd Ground.

4th Priest, Honours like these uncommon Joys de-
mand.

Behold!---- The *Great* APOLLO is at hand!

[*A Curious Machine is seen in the Air, descending
slowly: During which Movement Eudofia stands
fixt with Admiration, and the Priests sing a short
Hymn to APOLLO.*]





S C E N E V I I I.

Manlius alights from the *Machine*, disguis'd like *APOLLO*, with *Mercury*, and several other *Celestial Attendants*.

Manl. O H! fair *Eudofia*, than the Stars more bright!
 The Graces gaze upon thee with Delight,
 Not *Venus* self has half such conquering Charms,
 And *Cupid* revels in thy Snowy Arms.
 Fir'd by thy Eyes, I've left my Realms above,
 And seek (like *Jove*) my Bliss in Mortal Love.

Eud. Without Dispute I to thy Will resign,
 And, as in Duty bound, my Soul is thine.

Manl. Now then, in Honour of *Eudofia's* Name,
 Our solemn Nuptials let the *Priests* proclaim:
 And let the joyful Trumpets Sound declare,
 EUDOSIA is as Loving as she's FAIR.

F I N I S.



EPILOGUE.



EPILOGUE.



*ALTHO' our Scenes in Antient Rome were
laid,*

*In Fact 'twas Egypt where this FARCE
was play'd.*

*But that's a Bagatelle! the MORAL'S
all,*

By which we must expect to stand or fall.

Hence then we learn the fatal Pow'r of Gold,

And how *Self-Interest* rul'd the *Priests* of Old:

How in Times past *Religion* was a *Trade*,

And *Idol-Worship* but a *Masquerade* :

How by such Arts the *Virtuous* were misled,

And by a too implicit Faith betray'd.

None here, we hope, will censure this Contrivance ;

Our Modern Gownsmen scorn such Vile Connivance.

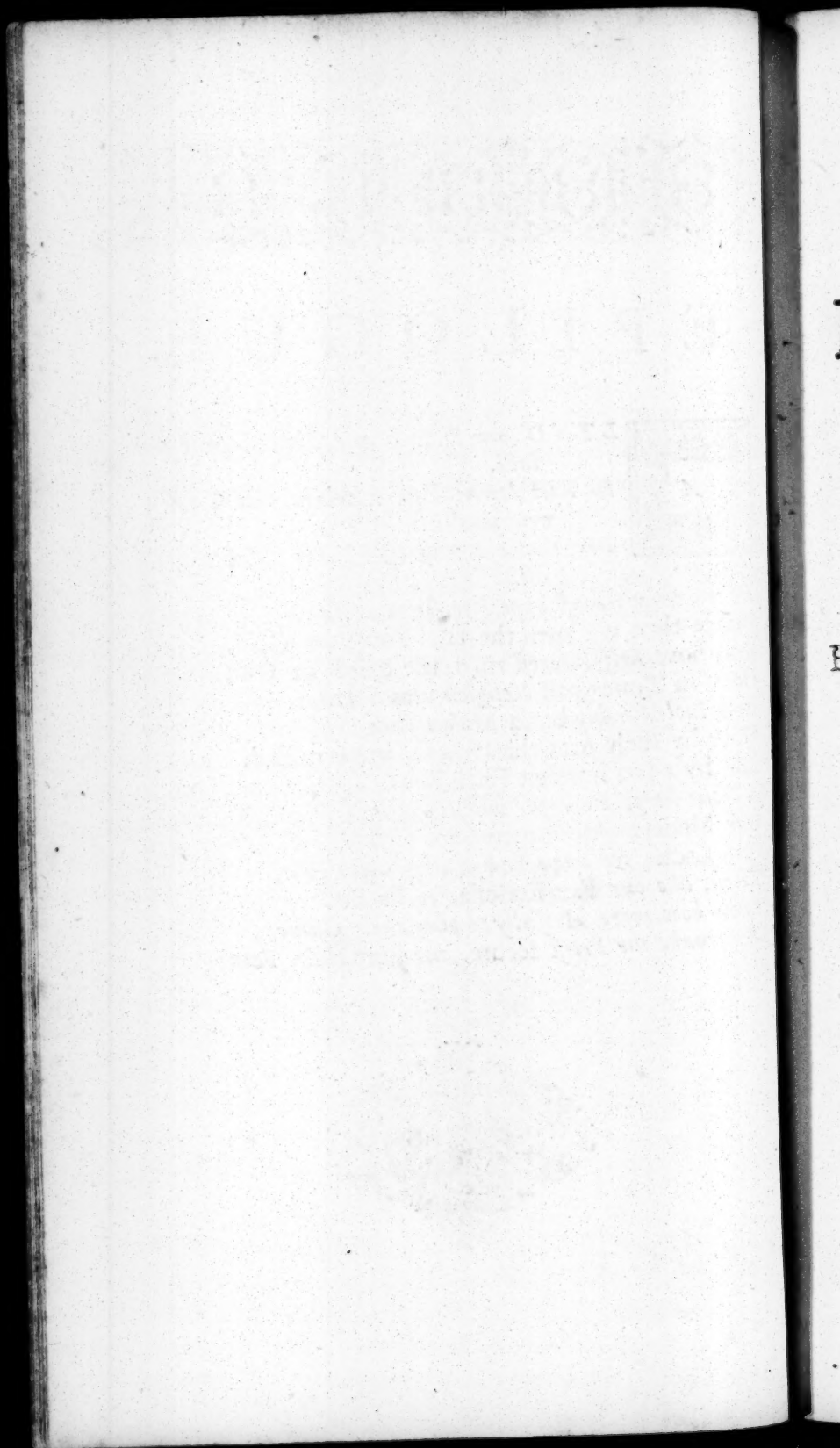
Our Ladies too have now a days more Wit,

Than, like our Fair Eudofia, to be Bit.

Know how more Artfully to play their Game,

And make the Priest secure, not hurt their Fame.





T H E
RIVAL NYMPHS:
OR, THE
MERRY SWAIN.
A
Pastoral COMEDY,

To be PERFORM'D

By the *Young* LADIES of MRS. BELLAMY'S
School, as *One of their Annual* PUBLIC
EXERCISES.



Printed in the Year MDCCLXXIII.

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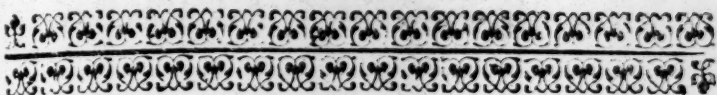
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PROLOGUE.



N Rural Verse our First Attempt was made :

*A loftier, Tragic Story, next we play'd.
To Night we venture on a NEW ESSAY,
And hope to please you in the Comic
Way.*

*'Tis a bold Task, and much our Skill we fear,
Yet still 'tis some small Merit sure TO DARE.*

*The Scenes to Night for your Diversion chose,
Were drawn by the Great COWLEY's Infant-Muse :
His Muse Our Master hopes will hit your Taste ;
Because she's Chearful, and yet strictly Chast.
He fears his Alteration of her * PLAY
Has done her Wrong, and made her Charms decay.
Some Scenes he found too hard, and all too long
For Us, so unexperienc'd, and so young.
Yet still he hopes, thro' his Disguise, she'll shine,
And prove Agreeable, if not so Fine.*

*Accept it then, tho' incorrect it be,
And don't you censure each false Step you see.
Let your smooth Brows no angry Wrinkles wear ;
But let your Looks be generous, as they're fair.
Be to our little Merit wondrous kind,
But to our Errors prove exceeding blind.*

* LOVE'S RIDDLE.

PERSONS



Persons NAMES.

MEN.

Horatio, *a rich Old Gentleman, Father to Marcellus, and Oriana.*

Marcellus, *His Son, in Love with Sylvia.*

Bellario, *A Gentleman of Fortune, in Love with Oriana.*

Linco, *a surly old Shepherd, Father to Phillis.*

Ernesto, *an honest old Shepherd, suppos'd Father to Sylvia.*

Damætas, *a young Shepherd, in Love with Phillis.*

Hillario, *a merry witty Shepherd, averse to Love and Marriage.*

WOMEN.

Sophronia, *Wife to Horatio.*

Oriana, *their Daughter, in Love with Bellario, who, for fear of marrying Lucius, her intended Husband, ran away from her Parents, and assum'd the Habit of a Shepherd, and the Name of Oriano.*

Corisca, *Wife to Linco.*

Phillis, *their Daughter, in Love with Oriano, and Rival to Sylvia.*

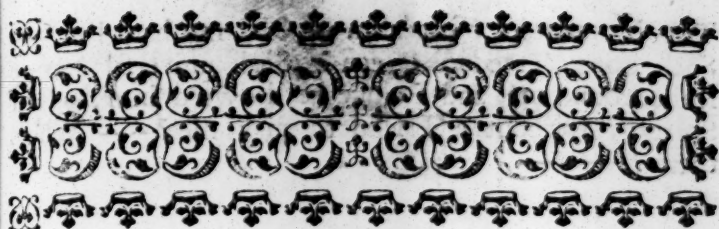
Sylvia, *suppos'd Daughter to Ernesto, in Love with Oriano, and Rival to Phillis.*

Shepherds, Shepherdesses, and other Attendants.

SCENE.

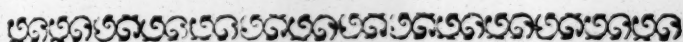
An ITALIAN GROVE.

THE



T H E
RIVAL NYMPHS :

O R, T H E
MERRY SWAIN.



A C T I. S C E N E I.

Enter *Oriana* alone, drest like a Gentleman.

Oriana,



O W wild ! How extravagant are Lovers
Actions ! What disguises do we put on !
What Rambles do we take, to shun
the Man we hate, or find out the
dear Object of our Wishes ! How
have I wand'red o'er this solitary
Grove, thoughtless of all the Dan-
gers that surround me ! ---- If the just Gods have
brought me hither to scourge the Folly of my Love :--
This

This Moment let me perish.---- Oh, my hard Fate!----
 Shall every Tree look green? Shall universal Nature
 smile around me, and I alone be drown'd in Floods of
 Sorrow, without a Friend to pity me?----- Who's
 there? -----



S C E N E II.

Enter *Hillario*, singing, not seeing *Oriano*.

A C A T C H.

*Let's be jovial and gay,
 Live well while we may,
 And drown in good Liquor our Sorrow :
 For Time will e're long,
 Put an End to our Song,
 And who knows but it may be to Morrow?*

Orian. **A**Y, marry, Sir, this Fellow has some Fire
 in him. [*Aside*] Hail to you, Swain!
 [*She comes forwards.*] I am a Gentleman that have lost
 my Way, and should be very thankful, if you could
 oblige a weary Traveller with a Lodging.

[*Hillario, not regarding Oriano, continues singing.*]

Another C A T C H.

*We'll sing, and we'll tippie all Day,
 (For 'tis but a Folly
 To be Melancholly)
 And never ask what is to pay.*

Orian.

Orian. He regards me not.----Prithee, good Shepherd, tell me where thou dwel'st.

[Hilario still takes no Notice of him, but continues singing.

We'll drink, and we'll never have done, Boys, &c.

Orian. What art thou mad? ———

[He strikes him on the Shoulder.

Hill. Why not, Friend?----- All the World is so.----- Your *Citizen's* mad, to trust his Customers with his Goods, and his Wife. Your *Courtier's* mad, to spend his Time in gaudy Drefs, and idle Gallantries. Your *Lawyer's* mad, to tear his Throat, and spend his Lungs for a Fee; and his *Client* is more mad to give it him: ---But there's a *Thing in Black*, call'd *Poor*, that's ten Times madder than all the rest, who sits playing at *Crambo* all Day in a Garret, and has nothing to subsist on but a *Song* on my Lord's wedding with my Lady, or a *doleful Ditty* on the much lamented Death of some generous Patron.

Orian. What think you, Friend, of your *Lovers*?

Hill. Why worse really than of the *Poets* themselves. Is it not a pretty Sight, to see a Pair of Turtles Cooing at one another, stand with their Arms across, and sigh out, *My Love, My Soul, My Joy, My All*? ---- Ha, ha, he! ——— Oh! 'tis beyond the Name of Frenzy.

Orian. Why so satyrical, *Shepherd*? By the Keeness of your Wit, I should guess your Education had been in the City, not the Woods.

Hill. Why, I'll tell you, Sir.----- My Father dy'd, and left me young and rich: I, like several others of my Brother *Shepherds*, plagu'd with the Itch of Curiosity, sold my numerous Flocks, and took a Trip to Town: Where, whilst my Money lasted, who more welcome? But when the *last Piece* sigh'd in my *empty Pocket*, the Scene was chang'd, and who more coldly treated? Then, then I found I had bought Experience at too dear a Rate, and so return'd. Now, here I live.

to laugh at all the Follies which I saw.

Orian. You may rejoice, but Sighs suit best with me.

Hill. Now, o' my Conscience, thou hast lost a Mistress; or she has burnt your whining Letter; or kist your Rival before your Face; or deny'd you her Hand; or flirted her Fan at you. ---- These are very mournful Circumstances, very bad Symptoms, truly! ---- I am sorry I am come to interrupt your serious Meditations.----Farewel, Sir.

Orian. You mistake me, Shepherd.

Hill. I shouldn't like to be infected, Sir.

Orian. There's no Danger, Shepherd: I have no Distemper, but a *Troubled Mind*.

Hill. The worst of all Distempers.

Orian. Then you should pity me, and be my Physician.

Hill. Heav'ns forbid! I turn Physician. Turn a Consumption to Men's Purfes, and purge them worse than their Bodies.---- I'd have you think my Parents brought me up more graciously, than to be a Murderer by Profession.

Orian. Your Wit is out of its Bias. The Corruption of the *Soul* needs no *outward Applications*, and *Counsel* is the only Physick it requires.

Hill. So then! you'd have me be your *Soul's Physician*. ---- Why I believe I could *Cant* for an Hour or two, or so, upon Occasion: ---- But then I want a *Cusheon* to thump my Doctrine into. ----- Pray, what is the Name of your *Soul's Disease*, Sir?

Orian. A Fever, Sir.

Hill. Good lack!----- The Fever of Love, I suppose.

Orian. Was you never in Love, Sir?

Hill. Not I, I thank my good Stars. I never saw that Face could charm me so, but that I quickly found a Remedy.

Orian. Would you oblige me with the Receipt, Sir.

Hill. With all my Heart. ---- 'Tis *This*, --- a *Cheerful*

ful Song, and a Bottle. --- Mirth is the only Physick in the World, Sir.

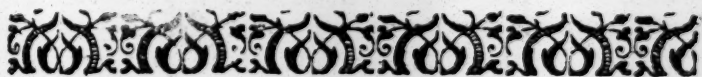
Orian. I like your Prescription, and to follow it, would fain turn *Shepherd*, and spend the Remnant of my Days in Rural Sports. --- I would forget my Troubles past, and, if 'twere possible, my Name it self.

Hill. If you'll trust your self to my Management, I'll make a *Shepherd* of you, I warrant you. Wetwo will laugh at all the World, talk Treason like Parrots, and yet keep our Necks securely out of the Collar.

[*Sings.*

A C A T C H.

*Come, come, come away ;
(For 'tis but a Folly
To be Melancholly.)
Let's live here while we may.*



S C E N E III.

Enter *Damatas, Linco, Corisca, Sylvia, Phillis.* and several other *Shepherds* and *Shepherdesses.*

Dam. **D**O but hear me, Sir.---

Lin. You love my Daughter ! No matter for that. --- You have my *Phillis*, Sirrah !

Corf. Good Duck, don't vex thy self. What tho' he loves her, she won't have him.

Come, no matter for that: I will vex my
 and vex him too. Shall such an idle Fellow as he
 pretend to run away with honest Men's Children.---
 Let him go feed his Flocks. --- But now I think on't,
 he has none to feed: Ha, ha, he! --- And yet the au-
 dacious Varlet would be buzzing about my Daughter,
 like a Bee about a Honey-Pot.

Dam. Ill natur'd, doating Fool! What tho' my Flock
 is not so large as yours, yet, in my Mind, I am an
Emperor, compar'd with thee.

Corf. Of the *Moon*, I suppose.

Dam. Pray, Mrs. *Winter*, if you will be prating,
 stand farther off; for your Breath is more offensive
 than a Goat's.

Phill. *Shepherd*, your Wit is not so agreeable, but
 you may spare it. If you're so lavish, you'll have
 none left, to make the *Song* of the *Forfaken Lover*
 with.

Dam. I am dumb.--- May my rash Tongue forget
 its Faculty of Speech, if it offended you.

Phill. On that Condition, I'll agree to't quickly.

Lin. Well said, Girl. By *Pan*, I'll give thee ten
 Sheep more for thy Portion, for that Jest.

Phill. Alas! good *Shepherd*, what do you imagine I
 should love you for?

Dam. For my past Services, my Constancy and
 Truth. And since I love and honour you, were I de-
 form'd, the Chaos of a Man, Humanity would teach
 you not to hate me.---Oh! charming *Phillis*, pro-
 nounce my Doom at once, and make me blest, or
 wretched ever.

Phill. Then hear it. ---- You're an *Ass*. ---- (That's
 for your ill Manners to my Mother.) And I'll never
 love you.

Dam. You're a *Woman*, --- Cruel hard-hearted *Wo-*
man: --- And my Passion shall trouble you no more:
 But when I'm dead, my angry Ghost shall vex you
 worse, than now your Pride does me. --- Farewel.

[*He goes out.*]

Lin. Who comes here?

SCENE



S C E N E IV.

Enter *Hillario* and *Oriano*, in a *Sylvan Habit*.

Hill. **H**AIL to ye *Shepherds*, and ye beauteous *Nymphs*, I must present this *Stranger* to your Knowledge. When you're acquainted well, you'll thank me for my Service.

Orian. Hail to ye *Shepherds*, and ye beauteous *Nymphs*. 'Tis my Desire to be your Neighbour here, and feed my Flocks (such as they are) near yours.

All the Shepherds salute him, You are most welcome hither.

Coris. A handsome young Fellow that. [*Aside.*] I should be glad of his Acquaintance. ——— You're heartily welcome, Sir. [*Courtesies.*]

Hill. What! *Beauties*, [*To Phillis and Sylvia.*] are you silent? Take Notice of him pray. Your Speaking is worth more than all the rest.

Sylv. You're very welcome, Sir. [*Salutes him.*]

Orian. Thank you, fair *Nymph*, this is indeed a Welcome.

Hill. Nay, come, Mrs. *Phillis*, you'll join in the Chorus I hope.

Phill. You are most kindly welcome, Sir.

[*Salutes him.*]

Orian. You blest me too much!---The Honour of a Kiss from you, is an Entertainment that a Prince might wish for.

Phill.

66 *The RIVAL NYMPHS:*

Phill. Bless me! How he looks! And how he talks!
His Kifs was Honey too! His lovely Lips as red as
early Cherries! [*Aside.*]

Sylv. Bless me! How I envy her! Would I had that
Kifs too! [*Aside.*]

Phill. Such Eyes! [*Aside.*]

Sylv. Such Looks! [*Aside.*]

Phill. Such Dimples in his Cheeks! [*Aside.*]

Sylv. Such graceful curling Locks! [*Aside.*]

Phill. How fair he is! [*Aside.*]

Sylv. Fairer than whitest Blossoms! [*Aside.*]

Phill. Softer than the Doves of *Venus*! [*Aside.*]

Coris. They two have got a Kifs, why shouldn't I?
[*Aside.*] ---- You're heartily welcome, *Shepherd*.

[*She Courtesies very low.*]

Orian. I cry your Mercy, *Shepherdes*, I didn't see
you. ---- [*Salutes her.*]

Hill. Our young *Stranger*, I'll say that for him, has
a good Stomach. And if he don't die upon't, he may
venture to live in the worst Air in all *Europe*.

[*Sings.*]

A C A T C H.

Come, come, come away:

(For 'tis but a Folly

To be Melancholly.)

Let's live here while we may.

The End of the First A C T.



A C T



ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter *Horatio*, *Sophronia*, *Bellarion*, and
several *Shepherds*.

Horatio,



H! my Daughter, my dear *Oriana's*
lost forever. I shall never see my
Oriana more.

1st Sheph. Be comforted, Sir,
and let not Grief o'erwhelm your
Reason.

Soph. Would I had dy'd when
first I brought her forth! Then I
had slept in Quiet.

Hor. Oh! that I had never try'd to cross her Wi-
shes! Never propos'd to match her with young *Lu-
cius*! For well I knew *Bellarion* had her Heart. I now
am sensible, alas! too late. They marry not, but sell
their Daughters, who have regard to Settlements alone,
and value more their outward Grandeur, than their real
Happiness. --- Oh! *Bellarion*, how shall I recompence
the Wrong I've done thee?

Bell. I'm half a Statue. Excess of Sorrow strikes
me dumb.

3d Sheph.

2d *Sheph.* Alas! good Neighbours, you do but hurt your selves with Weeping, ---- Consider, the Revolutions of a Day may bring such Turns as are beyond all humane Expectation. Cheer up, Sir, under that Thought. [To Horatio.

Hor. Oh! Never, never! 'Tis as impossible as to recal my Youth. Some wild Beast, or what is worse, some Savage Ravisher has made my Girl his Prey. ---- Oh, my *Oriana*!

Soph. Would I were with thee, wheresoe'er thou art!

3d *Sheph. Bellario*, See if you can comfort them. ---- Methinks you should say something.

Bell. I a Comforter! Alas, my Grief surpasses theirs. She was my Wife: For we were marry'd in Affection; and wanted nothing but the Priest, and their Consent, to join our Hands forever. ---- I lost my Hopes, my Joy, my All, with her. ---- You, Sir, have still a Son, whose Memory will sweeten all your Sorrow.

Soph. We dare not say we have. Such numerous Ills attend a Traveller, that we can only hope we have. We have sent for him to blot out the Remembrance of his Sister's Loss. But whether we shall see him more or not, Heav'n only knows.

Hor. This News, alas! will be a mournful Welcome to him.

Bell. Why do I play thus with my Misery? ---- 'Tis impossible to live without her. ---- I'll hunt thro' every Wood, o'er every Plain, and never rest till I have found my *Oriana*. ---- Oh, my dearest *Oriana*! ---- [Weeps.

4th *Sheph.* To weep, becomes not Youth like yours. If Mourning could recal her, your Sorrow would be just. But as 'twill not, 'tis Folly.

Bell. I own it. And therefore you shall never see me more, unless you see my *Oriana*. ---- Farewel, good *Horatio*; Farewel, *Sophronia*: Moderate your Griefs. If I return, we shall again be happy.

Soph. You shall not want my Prayers.

Hor.

Hor. The Gods that pity Lovers (if there be any)
attend your Travels.

[*They go out severally.*]



SCENE II.

Enter Hillario and Damatas.

Hill. **N**OW where are all your fine Sonnets? ----
Could your tuneful Serenades have no
Power over her? Is her Heart still obdurate? ---- Has
she quite discarded thee?

Dam. She has, and I have whistled to the Winds.

Hill. Can no Persuasions move her?

Dam. No more than thy least Breath can stir an
Oak.

Hill. 'Tis a good Hearing. --- Then she'll save thee a
world of Lying, and a world of Charges. --- I see
the *Rural Nymphs* begin to copy after the *City La-*
dies, to fly when Men pursue, and yet will accept a
Present, when offer'd, as cordially as a covetous Justice
of Peace the Hens and Geese of his offending Neigh-
bours. ---- Now if I lov'd this Wench, I'd teach her
the Difference between one who had seen the Court
and City Fashions, and a meer *Shepherd*.

Dam. Lyons are tam'd, and Tygers oft forget their
Cruelty; but Woman, ----- hard hearted lovely Wo-
man

Hill. Was I as deeply smitten as thou art, I warrant
thee, I'd find out a Way to win her.

Dam. Teach me, good *Hillario*: For if *costly Pre-*
sents would have prevail'd; she has had the daintiest
Lambs of all my Flock.

Hill.

Hill I mean not so.

Dam. If *Poetry* could do it; what shady Grove has not been Witness of my amorous Songs?

Hill. No, no, no, that's not the Way neither.

Dam. If *Sighs and Tears* would have prevail'd; What Day appear'd, in which I wept not dulier than the Morning? Which of the Winds have not my Sighs encreas'd?

Hill. And so much the greater Fool you. ---- 'Twas that spoil'd all. ---- Had I a Mistress, by this Light, I'd daily thresh her. ---- For *Women*, like *Spannells*, are the more complying the more they are beaten. But as long as you continue your canting Tone of ---- Oh! *Phillis*, Dear *Phillis*, behold, your dying Lover! Pity the Torments of his bleeding Heart! ---- She'll be as coy as a *Citizen's Wife* at the first Asking; tho' her Heart bounds with Joy at the Proposal. Take my Counsel therefore, and be merry. ———

Dam. 'Tis a hard Lesson. But if I thought it would succeed ———

Hill. Try it. ---- Laugh at her, put on all your scornful Airs; and tease her worse, if possible, than she has you. And if that don't make her as gentle as a Lamb, then say I am no Love-Politician.

Dam. Agreed. A desperate Disease must have a desperate Remedy. [They go out together.]

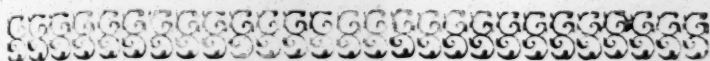


SCENE III.

Enter *Oriano* alone.

HOW blest, how innocent is the *Shepherd's* Life, free from the Noise and Hurry of the Town! I could gladly wish to spend the rest of my unprofitable Days

in the Fruition of their harmless Sports. But, when I recollect that I have left my Father, and my Mother, in Floods of Tears perhaps for my Departure, my Resolution's alter'd; and when *Love* whispers my *Bellarion's* Name, I in a Moment loath the Woods, and all their little harmless Entertainments prove not a Pleasure, but a Pain. ---- How now! Who's there?



SCENE IV.

Enter *Phillis* to *Oriano*.

Orian. **B**RIGHTEST of all those Stars that paint the Woods, you're welcome. This Visit is an unexpected Favour.

Phill. If you esteem it so, you are welcome to it.--- I have brought you a *small Present*, some of our own Apples. If they prove agreeable, my Ambition's answer'd.

Orian. O! you are too kind, and teach me that Duty, which I owe to you. I wish I could return one Half of your Deserts. But I am poor in every thing but Thanks.

Phill. Your Acceptance is Return sufficient.

Orian. How they blush! one might imagine they were yours, they look so modestly.

Phill. O! you mock me for a bold Intruder; but I meant no Harm. My Intentions were virtuous.

Orian. I know thou'rt innocent. Thy Soul is whiter than the Doves of *Venus*, the Mountain-Snow, or the fair Skin that cloaths thy lovely Body.

Phill. Now I'm sure you mock me.

Orian.

Orian. Far be it from my Thoughts, I swear I honour you, and love those Maiden Virtues which adorn you.

Phil. [*Aside*] I wish you did; but fear I'm not so happy. I'm undone! here's *Bellula*.---- What! is she grown my Rival?



S C E N E V.

Enter *Sylvia* to *Phillis* and *Oriano*.

Sylv. **B**LESS me! Isn't that *Phillis*? ---- Oh, for some Cloud to hide me from her Sight! [*Aside.*]

Phil. Nay, *Sylvia*, I see you well enough.

Orian. Why do you start back? Why shew us first the Light, first raise our Wonder, and then snatch it from us? [*To Sylvia.*]

Phil. Pray Heav'n he is not taken with her. [*Aside.*]

Sylv. I mistook my Way. I beg your Pardon, Sir.

Phil. I wish you had. [*Aside.*]

Orian. Then I am still more oblig'd to Fortune. -- But you can stay a little while, and bless us.

Sylv. Yes Sir. ——— (And Love knows how willingly.) I fear I shall quite spoil my *Garland*, with hiding it from *Phillis*. ---- I hope she hasn't got Possession of his Heart already, and cheated my Intentions. [*Aside.*]

Phill. I'd fain be going, and yet am loth to leave them to themselves, lest she should win him from me. [*Aside.*]

Sylv.

Sylv. A Word with you, Sir, in Private. ---- [*They retire to one Corner of the Stage.*] I have made bold to bring you a *small Present*, a *Garland* of my own making.

Orian. How you oblige me! How they flourish still! Sure they grow better since your Hand has pluck'd them!

Sylv. They will do so, when honour'd with your Brow. Then they may well grow proud, and look more gayly.

Orian. How sweet they smell! ---- They owe their Odours to your Breath.

Phill. [*Aside.*] Defend, me Heavens! I think he kisses her. ---- How long they have been talking! ---- Perhaps now she's Wooing him. ---- Perhaps he forgets me, and will consent. ---- I'll put him in Remembrance. [*She goes up to Oriano.*] You have not tasted of my Apples yet, and they are good ones truly.

Orian. I will, my dearest *Phyllis*, immediately.

Phill. [*Aside.*] O that charming Tongue! O that he'd speak so always!

Orian. I wouldn't change 'em for those *glorious Apples*, which gave such Fame to the *Hesperian Gardens*.

Sylv. [*Aside.*] She has out-done me in *this Present*. But I have a *Beechen Cup* at Home, made by the best Workman of the Woods. To Morrow I'll give him *That*, and then, I'll warrant her, she shall not go beyond me.

Phill. [*To Oriano.*] What, have you got a *Garland* there? ---- Oh, this is, I see, of *Sylvia's* making.

[*Scornfully.*]

Sylv. Pray, what Flower does it want? ---- Can you make a better, Forsooth?

Orian. [*Aside.*] Poor Girls, I pity them. I am no Stranger to Love's Passion. I would fain oblige 'em both, but 'tis not in my Power. ---- 'Tis the Fates Fault, not mine.

[*He walks at a little Distance from them.*]

H

Sylv.

Sylv. What! are you going, *Shepherd*?

Phill. You will not leave us, will you?

Orian. Indeed I ought not, you have both bought me by your Presents, and should divide me.

Phill. She came last to you.

Sylv. She has another Lover.

Orian. Do ye both love me?

Sylv. I do, I am sure.

Phill. And I, as much as she.

Orian. I pity both of you, and am sorry that both your Loves must prove so unsuccessful. --- You are both fair. --- Uncommon Graces dwell in you both. --- Bright *Sylvia's* Eyes shine like the Stars of Heav'n. --- And so do those of *Phillis*. --- The Cheeks of *Phillis* are redder than the chaste *Morning's* Blushes. --- And so are those of *Sylvia*. --- I solemnly protest I love you both; yet cannot, must not, be a Friend to either.

Sylv. This is LOVE'S RIDDLE.

Orian. Which Time alone must explain to you. --- Farewel both. _____

[*He goes out.*

Phill. He's gone; --- Yet still I'll hope, tho' much I fear.

[*She goes out.*

Sylv. I'm dubious too, yet still I won't despair.

[*She goes out.*

The End of the Second ACT.



A C T



ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter *Marcellus* alone.



THE Sun five Times hath run his
Yearly Course
Since last I saw my Sister : And
returning
Big with Desire to see my Na-
tive Country,
I found my aged Parents, sadly
Mourning

The Loss or Death of their departed Daughter.

This was indeed a doleful Welcome Home.

Yet, like a kind of Happiness in Misery,

As I pass thro' these Woods, I saw a *Nymph*,

Fair as an Angel, or a Sylvan Goddess.

I wonder'd, and ador'd : And never since

Could teach my ravish'd Thoughts another Object.

Here she appear'd : --- And here she comes again. ---

So looks the *Sun*, when, with his glorious Ray,

He drives the envious Clouds of Night away.

[Retires to the Corner of the Stage.]

H 2

SCENE



S C E N E II.

Enter *Sylvia* and *Phillis*. *Hillario* follows them, singing.

Phill. **W**H O sent for you? Pray leave us.

Hill. No, by this Light, not till I see you cry. --- When you have shed some penitential Tears, for wronging poor *Damatas*, there may be a Truce between us.

Sylv. How can you be so rude to interrupt us? We would be private.

Hill. What! to talk over the Number of your Gallants; to tell which kisses sweetest; which is the properest Fellow, and which makes the best Presents; to extol each Part of him, and reckon up the Songs he has made in Commendation of your sweet Persons; and then at last, to laugh at all the fatal Arts with which you fool'd him. --- But were all Men of my Mind, you should lower your Top-Sails, and not ride so triumphant. --- You should woo us, and woo us long before you catch'd us.

Marc. [*Aside.*] O Profaneness! Can he speak so rudely to that blest Virgin, and not be Thunder-struck?

Hill. Nay, you have both a Mind to me; but I'll have no Dealings with either of you. --- I came not here to gaze upon your Beauties, but to vex you.

Marc. [*Aside.*] Ruder still! --- I cannot, will not bear it. --- [*Comes up to Hillario*] Presumptuous Fool!

Is

Is there no other Nymph in all the Woods, that thou canst spend thy sawcy Laughter on, but her, (*Pointing to Sylvia*) whom *Pan* himself would honour? --- I tell thee, Caitiff, thou shalt not think of her without as much submissive Reverence, as Holy Men pay to the Altars of the Gods they worship.

Hill. Pray, Sir, have you got a *Patent* to padlock up my Tongue? ---- Or, do you think, because you have a Feather in your Hat, and a Sword at your Tail, I am to be bully'd out of my seven Senses? ---- You'd do much better, Friend, to make your Appearance in the Side-Box at the Play-House, there ogle the Ladies, and make your obsequious Cringes to the first Persons of Quality, that you may be thought a Man of Distinction: ---- Or, is your Figure grown stale there, that you condescend to oblige us with a Sight on't? ---- Or, has some formidable *Bailiff*, with a *Capias* in his Pocket, frighten'd you out of Town, and made you fly to us for Shelter?

Marc. I scorn to revenge your little *Witticisms* thrown at me: But when thou dar'st to violate her Name, -- Nature and Conscience will oblige me to chastise thy Insolence. --- But where, prithee, didst pick up these *Fragments* of Wit, which thou scatter'st about so lavishly?

Hill. Where I paid dear enough in Conscience for 'em. They should be more than *Fragments* by the Price. I bought 'em, Sir, of your rich City Merchants: I scorn'd to deal with you poor Pedlars, that sell by Retail. --- But let that pass.

Marc. Then you have seen the Town.

Hill. Ay, marry have I, and felt it too. I'm sure; in three Years Time, it suck'd up all the good Lands my Father left me. I must keep Company, forsooth, with your *Half-pay-Officers*, Fellows you mistake for Soldiers, by their bullying all they meet, by their Skill in new-fashion'd Oaths, and their long Narrations of Battles fought no body knows where: When a poor simple Captain of the Militia, whose Head aches at the

Sound

78 *The RIVAL NYMPHS:*

Sound of his own Gun, shall poze them in their own Terms.---- These were my first Sharpers.

Marc. So, no Wonder then you spent so extravagantly.

Hill. Pshaw! These were nothing. ---- At last I fell unluckily into your *Poets*, and *Players* Company:---- A Pack of Rogues that soon refin'd me of those gross Humours bred by Money, and made me, what you see me,--- A WIT.

Marc. But can't thou find no fitter Objects to exert thy snarling Talent on, than these *bright Virgins*?

Hill. Yes, *you*, now you are here.

Phil. I'll steal off while they are disputing. [*Aside.*]
For *Hillarie* will follow me else, and plague me all Day long. [*She runs out.*]

Hill. What are you fled, Girl? I'll be with you in an Instant. ---- But first, I'll fetch *Dametas*, and, if he follows my Directions, we shall have glorious Sport.--- Well, I may live in time to have the Women scratch my Eyes out! I shall richly deserve it.----Farewel, Sir.

[*He goes out.*]

Marc. They are both gone:---- Direct me, *Cupid*, now, and teach my Tongue the Art of fond Persuasion.

Sylv. Farewel, Sir, I must be gone.

Marc. O stay a little; for I cannot live without you.

Sylv. Pray let me go, Sir. There's no body to look after my Sheep, and if my Father should miss me, he would be so angry.----

Marc. Alas! the Wolf himself would learn to spare thy tender Flocks, and be as careful as thy Dog to guard 'em.

Sylv. 'Tisn't your fine Speeches will keep him from them tho'.---- Pray let me go.

Marc. Can you be so indulgent to your Flocks, and yet so careless of my utter Ruin? ---- Sure! since I love and honour you, I should deserve much more from you than they.

Sylv.

Sylv. What would you do, that thus you urge my Stay?

Marc. Nothing, I swear, that should offend a Saint: Nothing to call a Blush into your Face: Nothing which virtuous Sisters can deny their Brothers. I own I love you: But then my Love is honourable. I'd only gaze upon your charming Eyes, and sometimes steal a harmless Kiss. I'd offer nothing else; 'till *Hymen* join'd our Hands, and licens'd further Freedom.

Sylv. Fortune and Nature both oppose the Union, in making me a Sylvan Maid, and you a Gentleman.

Marc. I hope I may, without any Ostentation, say I am so: Else my Love were Impudence. Yet I could wish my self still greater than I am, that I might more deserve you.

Sylv. You are, Sir, for ought I can see, too great for me already. And I'm resolv'd to live a Maid, or marry with some virtuous *Shepherd*. ---- For *Oriano* is so, and I'll be his, or no Body's.

Marc. Pray hear me.

Sylv. I have, Sir. And if your Love be honourable, my Fortune bids me fly from you: If dishonourable, my Honesty enjoins me to despise you. ---- Farewel.

[*She goes out.*]

Marc. She's gone: ---- So when the Sun begins to set, Night creeps behind, and hides the World in Darkness. ---- I must find out some Way to win her. ---- Oh, that I had been a *Shepherd*! Born in these shady Woods! ---- Then, then I might have hop'd: ---- If e'er she married, she said, *Some virtuous Shepherd should be the only Man*. ---- What if I woo her in a Sylvan Habit! ---- Perhaps she'll love me then. ---- It shall be so. -----

In various Shapes I will pursue my Love,
And imitate the Masquerading J O V E.

S C E N E



S C E N E III.

Enter *Hillario*, *Damatas*, and after them
Phillis.

Hill. **N**OW for a Trial of Skill, Boy! She's just behind us. Remember my Instructions.

Dam. I warrant you. --- Fair Creature, [*To Phillis.*] whom all the Nymphs confess the Glory of the Woods. ———

Phil. Sure, thou wert born to plague me! Who sent for you, pray? Go, look after your rotten Sheep. --- If you regard a Wife, when you have one, no more than you do them, she'll have a pretious Bargain of you.

Hil. [*Aside.*] The Game begins.

Dam. Fair Nymph, that dost outshine the brightest Stars ———

Phil. Your Complements are all thrown away upon me. You sail against the Wind, I assure you.

Dam. Will nothing move thy unrelenting Heart? See, here! Fair Maid, I have a Present for thee, which on my Knees I beg you to accept of.

Phil. You Men are strange deluding Creatures. You have so many engaging Ways with you, there's no resisting you, I think. --- Let's see it.

Dam. No, I am born to plague you, now I think on't!

Phil. What Tricks are these?----- Give it me, I say.

Dam. My Complements are thrown away upon you! I sail against the Wind, *Phillis*!

Hill.

Hil. [*Aside.*] Admirably perform'd, my Boy!

Phil. I am betray'd. This is a Plot upon me, I find. I'll be gone. For I had rather meet a Wolf than this *Hillario*. [*Is going.*]

Hil. Nay, you shall stay, and hear a little more.

Phil. Well, Sir, this is your Love, I perceive.

Dam. Ha, ha, he! Would you have me love a Stone, or court a Picture? ---- Now, tho' you have a wonderful Opinion of your own Charms, I must needs tell you, *Flora*, *Dorinda*, or *Amaryllis*, far outshine you.

Phil. Why don't you court them then? --- An impertinent Coxcomb! [*Aside.*]

Dam. So perhaps I do. But if you should know it, you'd envy them.

Phil. No, not I, I promise you. I'd sooner live and die an old Maid, than take into my Arms such a homely, ill-bred *Shepherd* as thou art.

Dam. Ha, ha, he! Dost hear her *Hillario*? She'll cry presently. ---- Don't be cast down, Child. I may be persuaded. A few penitential Tears may possibly procure a Kifs from me.

Phil. A Kifs from thee! ---- I wouldn't kifs thee for the *Indies*. ---- Sawcy imperious Blockhead!

[*Walks to and fro in a violent Passion.*]

Dam. Oh, *Hillario*, I have gone too far. See, what Lightning flashes in her angry Eyes! ---- Oh, *Phillis*, all I have said was but to try thee. Behold thy Lover, prostrate on his Knees, implores thy Pardon and Forgiveness.

Hil. A whining Puppy! He'll spoil all I find.

[*Aside.*]

Phil. No more; I'll hear no more.

Sooner the Lamb shall with the Lyon join,
Sooner the Moon shall the bright Sun outshine,
Than *Phillis* shall, audacious *Swain*, be thine.

[*She goes out.*]

Dam. She's gone: --- Eternal Night involve me! ---
How have I fool'd away my Hopes! -----

Hil.

Hil. Thou art a meer Coward, *Damatas*, and can'st not stand the first Fire. One single Frown dispatches thee. A Cannon Bullet is not half so fatal.

Dam. Is this your *Stratagem*? A Lover's Curse on that, and thee! May all thy Flocks languish and pine like me; and mayst thou love like me, and be like me despis'd!

Hil. Poor Fellow! I begin to pity him. [*Aside.*] I'll try to give him a little Consolation under his Misfortune. ——— *Damatas*: ———

Dam. Be gone; and leave me to my troubl'd Thoughts. ——— Eternal Blisters sieze thy Tongue. Would I had died e're I had harkned to thy Counsel.

Hil. Well, of all Madmen sure your Lovers are the worst! ——— But I must find out some *Plot* to set all to rights again. My *Wit*'s engag'd in the Affair, and the Man shall have his Mare again, for all this. ——— Oh! here's *Corisca*. ——— I have it. ———



SCENE IV.

Enter *Corisca*, not seeing *Hillario*.

Cor. I AM now going to *Oriano* with this Ring, a Ring which a young handsome *Shepherd* bestow'd on me some threescore Years ago. He can't dislike the Present. I was a pretty Lass in those Days, tho' I say it, that shouldn't say it.

Hil. [*Aside.*] Ay, so thou wert I warrant. ——— Now the *Plot* begins ——— Reverend *Corisca*, whose very Autumn shews how glorious the Spring-time of thy Youth was; ———

[*Bows very low.*]

Cor.

Cor. What ! art thou come to mock me?

Hil. I do confess indeed my Tongue has been too free. But since, considering your Age and Virtue, she repents her Rashness. Behold my Tears, and pity, and forgive. ——— Oh, for an Onion now, to make the *Farce* compleat! [*Aside.*]

Cor. Alas! good Soul, I do forgive thee, if thou repent'st sincerely.

Hil. Oh, doubt it not ! What I spoke before, were all the Dictates of my Folly. I still can trace the Footsteps of your Beauty, which Time can never raze.

Cor. Why, I'm not so old indeed as you imagin'd.--- I am but Fourscore. You us'd to say I look'd like the Picture of Winter. Do I? -- I knew you did but jest.

Hil. No, no, no. ——— It takes, I see. [*Aside.*]--- You certainly bely your Age. A Man might take you for ---- Forty: Or thereabouts. --- Not a Jot more, I protest.

Cor. You flatter me. But I have something of a Colour this Morning. --- I should please *Oriano* mightily. But I won't go to him upon second Thoughts. This *Shepherd's* as handsome as he; and I see strangely smitten with me. Perhaps he'd hang himself upon some Willow, or fool away his Life in some purling Stream, should I prove unkind to him. And I could never be easy in my Mind, should I be accessory to so fatal an Accident. [*Aside.*]

Hil. Dear *Corisca*, I have a Secret to impart to you, which yet I dare not, lest I should offend you.

Cor. Out with it: You have free Liberty.

Hil. The comely Gravity, which adorns your Age, and makes you still seem lovely, hath so charm'd me: ———

Cor. Alas, good Soul! ——— I'll seem a little coy at first: But not too long neither, for fear I lose him. [*Aside.*] My Years, *Hillario*, require other Thoughts. --- Love-Toys but ill become the Old.

Hil. If you deny me, I'm undone.

Cor. Well then! not to undo you, --- I comply.

Hil.

Hil. [*Aside.*] Ah, pretty Turtle! How supple 'tis! like Wax before the Sun!--Now must I kiss her, there's the Misfortune on't. ——— [*To her.*] Let's join our Hearts then, and seal 'em with a Kiss. [*Kisses her.*

Cor. Not to be your Debtor, there's your Kiss again. [*Takes him round the Neck, and kisses him.*] ---- Farewel, Duck. I must just step Home, and see how *Phillis* looks after the Sheep.--- I'll meet you here again in the Afternoon. And, that you mayn't forget the Appointment, take this *Ring* as a Token: But don't wear it, lest my Husband chance to see it. Farewel, Duck.

[*She goes out.*

Hil. Left her Husband chance to see it. --- This is enough for me: ---- My Scene of Love is now all over. ---- I'll call her back. ---- So ho, *Corisca*!



SCENE V.

Corisca Re-enters.

Cor. **D** ID you call me, Duck?

Hil. Only to ask a foolish Question, Duck.

Cor. Propose it.

Hil. Han't you a Husband, *Corisca*?

Cor. Yes, Duck.

Hil. And do you love him?

Cor. Why not, Duck?

Hil. And yet you could make a Cuckold of him.

Cor. Hum! ---- Out of Charity to you, perhaps
—— much might be done.

Hil.

Hil. Why, thou incontinent old Doatard! Could'st thou imagine that I really lov'd thee? Ha, ha, he!---- Thou homely, shrivel'd Piece of Mortality! Fit only for a Gardiner's Statue to fright the Crows away! Thou---

Cor. Ungrateful *Shepherd*, Is this your Love? ---- Give me *my Ring* again.

Hil. No, no, I'll give it your Husband. He'll be more choice on't.

Cor. What shall I do? ----- Dear *Hillario*, don't make Mischief between Man and Wife. Keep but this a Secret, and I'll do any thing in the World for you.---- I'm undone, if you discover it. [*Weeps.*]

Hil. Well then, out of Charity to you, I'll make you a Proposal.---- If you can prevail on your Daughter to be marry'd to *Dametas* to Day, to Morrow I'll restore *the Ring*, and swear never to mention what has pass'd between us.

Cor. Agreed. I'll do the best I can.

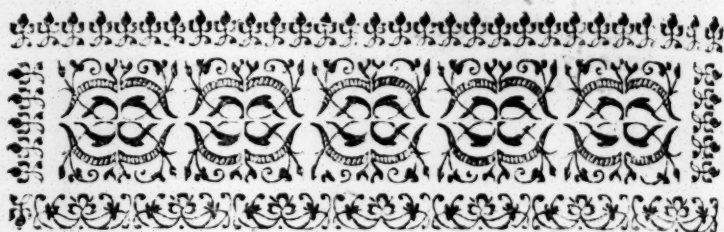
Hil. Make haste. ---- Now, if this *Stratagem* don't hit,
I'll never *Plot* again, nor be a WIT.

The End of the Third ACT.



I

ACT



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter *Oriano*, *Sylvia* and *Marcellus*.

Oriano.



RAY, follow me no more. Me thinks that Modesty, which in your Face appears so lovely, should raise your Fears to trust your self in Private with a Stranger.

Sylv. I'd cherish then those Fears, and call 'em Hopes, if you'd but smile upon me.

Marc. O *Sylvia*!

Sylv. Leave me *Marcellus*. If thou hop'st Success to thy own Love, why interrupt'st thou mine?

Marc. If Love cause you to follow him, how can you angry be with me for following you?

Sylv. Love shouldn't be so subtle, as to play with Arguments.

Marc. Love shouldn't be an Enemy to Reason.

Orian. To love, at best is but a Sort of Folly: ---- But to love One, who cannot make Returns, is nothing else but Madnefs.

Sylv.

Sylv. Tell him so : [*Pointing to Marcellus.*] 'Tis a Lesson he should learn.

Marc. To live, and not to love, is a Sort of Inhumanity : But not to love One, who is true and constant, is nothing less than Tyranny.

Sylv. Tell him so : [*Pointing to Oriano.*] 'Tis a Lesson he should learn.

Orian. [*To Sylvia.*] Why do you follow him that flies from you ?

Marc. [*To Sylvia.*] Why do you fly from him that follows you ?

Sylv. [*To Marcellus,*] Why do you follow, [*To Oriano.*] Why do you fly from me ?

Orian. The Fates command me, that I must not love you.

Marc. [*To Sylvia.*] The Fates command me, that I needs must love you.

Sylv. The Fates impose the like Command on me : That you I must, [*To Oriano*] that you [*To Marcellus.*] I cannot love.

Marc. Unhappy Man ! When I begin to speak,
She stands unmov'd, regardless of my Pray'rs,
Deaf as the Winds, and as the Rocks unshaken.

Sylv. Unhappy Woman !
When I begin to shew him [*Oriano*] all my Passion,
He stands unmov'd, regardless of my Tears,
Deaf as the Winds, and as the Rocks unshaken.

Orian. We are all Three unhappy : Born to be the proud Example of imperious Love. Our fond Desires, like some mysterious Truth, must be conceal'd, 'till Fate shall please to explain 'em. Till then, ---

Let us with Patience bear our wayward Fortunes,
And found a Parly to our Passions.

*The Ways of Heav'n are dark and intricate,
Puzzled in Mazes, and perplex'd with Errors ;
Our Understanding traces 'em in vain,
Lost and bewildex'd in the fruitless Search ;
Nor sees with how much Art the Windings run,
Or where the regular Confusion ends.*

[*They go out together.*]



S C E N E II.

Enter *Dametas, Ernesto, and Hillario.*

Dam. **H**OW much am I oblig'd to you both!
My better Genius, thou! And thou, my
Friend! ——— But do you think the Plot will
hold?

Hil. It shall hold, if the Bands of Matrimony can
hold thee.

Ern. Shall we knock?

Hil. Let me alone for that. --- [*Knocks.*] So ho! *Corisca*,
Mother Winter, You, whom the Grave has
waited for these Hundred Years, come forth,



S C E N E III.

Enter *Corisca.*

Cor. **W**HO's there?

Hil. 'Tis I. Are you crawl'd here at last?
Is your Daughter ready? ——— [*To her aside.*] Do
you know *this Ring*?

Cor. [*Softly.*] Heark'e: ----- You have not told
Tales, I hope!

Hil.

Hil. No, no, my Duck. But I told them that your Mind was alter'd, and that you now lik'd *Damatas* for a Son in Law. So we Three came to lay our Heads together, to bring it about.

Cor. You're welcome. We'll go in, and talk the Matter over in Private.

[*They go out together.*]



SCENE IV.

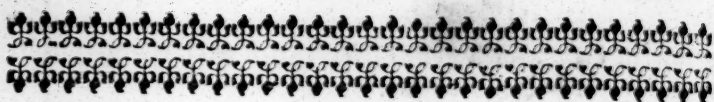
Enter *Phillis* alone.

I CAN'T imagine why my Mother should invite *Damatas* and *Hillario* to our House to Day. Sure her Mind isn't chang'd already! Sure they have not wheedled her over to their Party! ---- But be that as it will, I'll never have him, that I am resolv'd on. Two Words shall go to that Bargain, I'll promise 'em. However, I'll listen to their learned Debate, and find out the Bottom of this Project, if possible.

[*She retires to one Corner of the Stage.*]



SCENE



S C E N E V.

Enter *Corisca*, *Damatas*, *Ernesto*, and
Hillario.

Ern. **T**O obviate all Objections to *Damatas's*
Fortune, *Corisca*, I'll make him my
Heir.

Cor. How can that be? You have a Daughter, you
know.

Ern. True. But they say she's fallen in Love with
the new *Shepherd*. Now I'll pretend to be very angry
on that Score, and so dis-inherit her.

Cor. That's an Answer. ————— I should be very
sorry to have *Damatas* —————

Hil. Hang himself on a Willow, or soufe himself in
a purling Stream, Ha! *Corisca*? ---- I know thou'rt
gentle, and thy Daughter never suckt in her Cruelty
from thee.

Dam. Why do we loiter? ---- For till *Phillis* is
mine,

*The tedious Hours move heavily away,
And each long Minute seems a lazy Day.*

Phil. [*Peeps out.*] Fair and softly goes far, Sir. ----
I shall disappoint your tow'ring Hopes, or I am much
mistaken.

Ern. Come, let's be gone.

Hil. Come along. --- *Corisca*, play your Cards to the
best Advantage, now: Or else —————

Cor.

Cor. Never fear me. I'm not to seek at these Years,
in Affairs of that Nature.

Dam. Dear Mother, don't delay. I'm all Impa-
tience.

Cor. I go. ——— Success attend us.

[*They go out.*]

Phil. [*Comes forth.*] What an unnatural Old Woman
is my Mother ! But I'll baulk their Expectations, not-
withstanding they think their Game secure.

FATE never will the INNOCENT undo,
And, tho' my Mother's False, the Gods are True.



SCENE VI.

Enter *Hillario*, *Linco*, *Corisca*, *Dametas*,
and *Ernesto*.

Dam. **W**HEN last we met, and you deny'd your
Daughter to me, you urg'd the Mean-
ness of my Fortune : But since *kind Fate*, or rather
Ernesto, better far than Fate, has now supply'd that
Want ; I hope you'll start no new Objections.

Linco. Come ! No matter for that. I wish your
Tongue wasn't so well hung. That scurvy Itch of
Poetry that you have got, I don't like by any means.
But, no Matter for that neither.

Hil. Never fear. He'll leave that in Course when
he has got his Pockets well lin'd. The *Muses* are a
Set of Ragged Fades, meer Tatterdemallions, and va-
nish at the Sight of Riches.

Dam. Why ! You don't think sure that Poetry, —
An *Art*, which even the Gods admire, —

Hil.

Hil. Confound your *Arts*! --- Let him think what he will. What's that to us?

Ern. I should be glad to have your final Answer,
Linco. If you think your Daughter too good for him, after my Adoption, I won't urge the Match. Perhaps I may find out another *Shepherdes*, that may please me better, and him as well.

Dam. That's impossible.

Hil. Confound your Impossibles! Thy Mouth, like a crackt Fiddle, never sounds but out of Tune. ---
Speak, *Corisca*,--- Or else ---

Cor. I will, I will. --- Are you mad, Husband, to fling away a Fortune that's thrust upon you? You know *Ernesto's* rich.

Linc. Thrust upon me! --- No matter for that. --- I'd fain see any Man thrust any thing upon me. -- But, no matter for that neither. -- I'll do what I will do,--- Thrust upon me, quotha!

Dam. Come, what say you, *Linc*?

Linc. Hold your Tongue. If I speak to any Body, it shall be to *Ernesto*. --- But, no matter for that. --- Heark'e! You'll leave all to *Damatas*, you say.

Cor. He says he will, Duck.

Ern. I will. And since *Sylvia* thinks herself wiser than her Father, and will be govern'd by her own Passion, and not my Inclination, I here disown her for my Daughter.

Linc. A Match then. --- *Damatas* is an ingenious young Fellow; and I fancy him hugely for a Son in Law.--- But, no matter for that neither.

Ern. Well! Since we are both agreed, let us go in, and yoke 'em together. The two Turtles long to bill and coo, I warrant you.

Hil. I warrant you so too. Now, my Lad, [*Claps Damætas on the Shoulder.*] I wish thee much Joy: And

A CATCH.

*We'll sing and tipple all Day,
(For 'tis but a Folly
To be Melancholly)
And never ask what is to pay.*

[All go out.



S C E N E VII.

Enter *Marcellus* alone.

WHILE *Oriano* lives, I cannot love thee. ———
These were her parting Words. ——— I'll kill
him then. ———

Why do I tremble at the bloody Thought?

Methinks Love frowns, and says I am too dull. ---

And yet again, methinks soft Pity frowns,

And says, I am too weak against my Passions.

Fool that I am ! --- Pity's the Child of Fear.

For thee, dear *Sylvia*, ———

I dare be wicked, tho' J O V E strikes me dead.

Farewel, *Conscience*, ——— Thou, that frightest

Boys, and doating Women. ——— What shall I do?

I see the better Way, and know 'tis better;

Yet still this fatal Error draws me backward.

So when two adverse Winds rush out and meet,

The Ocean swells, and the fierce Billows beat :

Now rise like Mountains, now rowl here and there,

Doubtful which Way their furious Course to steer.

[Sits down in a melancholly Posture.

S C E N E



S C E N E VIII.

Enter *Hillario*, not seeing *Marcellus*.

HA, ha, he! We'll have such excellent Sport. Our Game's up. Ha, ha, he!

Marc. How happy are some Men over others!
How jovially some pass their Hours away,
Whilst others spend in Sighs the live-long Day!

Hil. [*Turns round, and sees Marcellus at a Distance.*]
Who's there? ——— A very pretty Posture, truly!
How his Arms are cross! He dreams, I warrant you,
he's a hugging his Mistress. He weeps! See how the
Tears run trickling down his Cheeks! ---- A provident Fellow, I'll warrant him! ---- When he wants to water his Sheep, he carries his Well, I find, with him. Ha, ha, he!

Marc. [*Comes up to him.*] 'Tis ungenerous to laugh at the Afflicted. Life's but a Span, and so uncertain, that to Morrow, perhaps thou mayst act *that Part*, which now thou so contemnest.

Hil. I act a *Part*! It must be in a *Comedy* then. I can't endure your whining, dying *Tragedies*. None of your Romantic Airs for me, Sir.

Marc. You are unmannerly. Leave me to my self. My worst Thoughts are better Company than thou art.

Hil. Enjoy 'em then, and much Good may they do thee. Your Company, Friend, isn't so pleasant, that one need be over fond on't. ——— I remember, when I lost all my Money, I was just such another melancholly Fool. ---

But

*But hang Care, drive away Sorrow,
To the Gods beeing to Morrow. ----*

Do you hear, Friend, I'm going to a Wedding, and if you have a Mind to be gay and frisky, and drown the Thoughts of your hard hearted Mistres in a Bumper of Nappy October, you shall be welcome. If not, Mr. Tragedy, I'm your humble Servant. For my Part, I'm resolv'd to be merry, ----

A C A T C H.

*And sing, and tippie all Day,
(For 'tis but a Folly
To be Melancholly.)
And never ask what is to pay.*

[He goes out.]



Marcellus alone.

Thou art happy, *Shepherd*; for thou art innocent.
--- Sorrow can never touch thy chearful Heart. ---
But thou, *Marcellus*, must be wicked, or be wretched. ----

*The PHYSICK's hard, which thou dost ill prepare;
Yet the DISEASE is harder still to bear.*

The End of the Fourth A C T.

A C T.



ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter *Hillario*, *Damatas*, and *Ernesto*.

Damatas,



AY Heav'n convert these Omens into Good, and disappoint my Fears ! Thrice in the Threshold my Feet were seiz'd with an unusual Stifness, and thrice I stumbled as I walk'd along.

Hil. And three times thrice thou art a Blockhead, for thy superstitious Observance of such common Accidents.

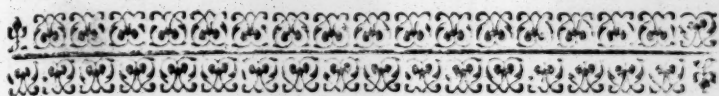
Dam. Blame not my Fear ; for 'tis the Child of Love. Tho' *Phillis* should be lock'd within my Arms, I should still doubt of my Success.

Hil. If you should stumble, you mean.

Dam. Alas ! that wasn't all. --- As I past by, upon the Oak, sacred to *Faunus*, where the *Shepherds* daily exercise their Rural Sports ; on that same Oak, an inauspicious Crow foretold some fatal Ill approaching.

Ern. And because Crows foretel wet Weather, you interpret it the Rain of your own Eyes. Come, come

come, be advised by me, and leave these idle Follies.



SCENE II.

Enter *Linco*, speaking to *Phillis* within the Door.

WELL! Come, Girl. No matter for that. I believe what thou say'st to be true, Girl. Thy Mother's an old doating Fool. But, no matter for that neither. I'll do their Business, and thine too, I warrant thee.

Ern. Here comes *Linco*.

Dam. He looks chearfully. ---- I hope all's well.

Hil. But I'd doubt of his Consent, tho' he should give it me.

Dam. Pardon a Lover's Fears, *Hillario*.

Ern. Well met, *Linco*. We were just coming to you.

Linco. To me! ---- Very likely. ---- Your Will and Pleasure with me, pray.

Ern. We come to claim your Promise.

My Promise! ---- Oh! ---- Right. I said I'd go to Market with you, and help you to dispose of some of your Cattle. ---- I beg your Pardon. ---- This treacherous Memory of mine often fails me. But, no matter for that. I'll wait on you in an Instant.

Dam. I stand confounded. ---- Good *Hillario* speak to him.

K

Hil.

Hil. A very odd Sort of a Story this! ---- We were for dividing the Bear's Skin, before he was caught. ---- Here's no Wedding like to be, for what I can find, except between the Bulls and Cows. --- Heark'e, *Linco*, you forgetful old Put! Is your Daughter ready?

Linc. No matter for that. Ha! my good old Friend *Hillario*, give me thy Hand. Thou art a merry Fellow. I haven't seen thee this many a Day, old Bully Rock.

Hil. A crazy Head-piece that of thine, *Linco*! What! Can't not remember the Transaction of the last Hour? 'Tisn't longer since we were all together, and you consented to the Match.

Linc. Then you'll go with us to the Wedding, will you? Do, there's a good Lad. We'll have a Fiddle, Boy: And

Hillario's C A T C H.

*We'll sing, and we'll tippie all Day,
(For 'tis but a Folly
To be Melancholly)
And never ask what is to pay.*

Ha! What say'st thou?

Hil. [*Aside.*] Now could I cut this old Puppy's Throat!

Linc. Why so thoughtful, my old merry Companion? Come, come,

*Hang Care, Man, drive away Sorrow,
To the Gods belong to Morrow.*

I have nettled him I fackins.

[*Aside.*

Ern. Come, what's the Matter?

Hil. Matter! Why the Fellow's mad, that's all.

Ern. You see I am as good as my Word, *Linco*, I have brought my Son along with me.

Linc. Your Son! ---- I cry Mercy, I thought you had no Child but your Daughter *Sylvia*, I.

Ern.

Ern. Are you come to mock us? --- You can't possibly have forgot my Promise to adopt *Damatas*, so soon as you pretend.

Hil. Didn't you particularly examine whether he would leave him all? Did you not? Can you deny it now?

Linc. Deny it! --- No. no: But where's *Sylvia*?

Ern. Leave Fooling. Is your Daughter ready?

Linc. Ay, that she is; and as ripe as a Cherry, just falling from the Tree. --- Why she's to be marry'd, Man, within this Hour, to a young *Shepherd*.

Dam. That's me. --- Hence Fears. Attend upon the Infancy of Love. --- She's now my own.

Hil. Why! Ay, the Crow upon the Oak foretold you this, I suppose.

Linc. *Phillis*, Daughter *Phillis*, come hither, Girl!

[*At the Door.*]



SCENE III.

Enter *Phillis*.

Linc. **H**ERE's some Company come to dance at your Wedding, Child.

Dam. So looks the Sun, when he salutes the Day,
And drives the dreary Mists of Night away.

Phil. Did you call me, Father?

Linc. Is *Myrtillo* come? I thought he would have flown upon the Wings of Love to thee, and not have suffer'd thee to wait for him. But, no matter for that. Go in and dress you, and prepare to welcome him.

[*As Phillis is going out, Damatas stops her.*]

K 2

Dam.

Dam. Will you be gone so soon? ---- Oh *Phillis*! the long expected Hour is come at last. ---- Let's join our Hearts, and seal 'em with a Kiss.

[*Offers to salute her. She struggles and goes out.*]

Linc. How now! How dare you kiss another Man's Wife? For she's *Myrtillo's* Goods and Chattels now. And had he seen you, perhaps he would not thank you for your Pains. But, now I think on't, 'tis but civil to take a *parting Kiss*. I wouldn't have my Daughter ill natur'd neither, methinks.

Hil. How's this, *Linco*?

Linc. Why, dost thou think, when *Myrtillo* has once made her his own, he'll suffer her to be flopt and kist by every Coxcomb?

Hil. *Myrtillo*! ---- What has he to do with her?

Linc. Ha, ha, he! ---- The Husband has no Business with his Wife, I suppose! ---- But I warrant you she'll find Employment for him.

Hil. You mean *Damatas*, sure. Do you not?

Linc. 'Tis no matter for that. What I mean, I mean. ---- Well! rest ye merry, Gentlemen, I must attend my Daughter's Wedding. If you'll take a Dance with us, I dare say the Bridegroom will make you welcome. Pray, bring your Son an Heir, *Damatas*, with you; and Mrs. *Sylvia*, your discarded Daughter too. A little Merriment will compose 'em perhaps after their Disappointment. ---- What say you, *Damatas*? ---- 'Tis your Mistress's Wedding, Boy, and she shall be thy Partner, if thou wilt. ---- And what say'st thou, *Hillario*, Ha? I'd have thee come by all Means. I know thou art always a leading Card at such Entertainments. --- I have nettled them, I fackins. --- [*Aside.*]

[*He goes out.*]

Ern. What are you both dumb? Both Thunder-struck? ---- This was your Plot, *Hillario*.

Hil. A Curse on all Plots, I say, and the old Puppy into the Bargain! May all his Sheep prove rotten, and may he want Subsistence, and be forc'd to feed upon 'em! May his Wife be a daily Plague to him, and live to bury him! And may his Son in Law's Horns be

be more conspicuous than the largest Deer's in all our Forrest!

Dam. Thy Imprecation's rash and foolish. Sooner the *Sun* shall lose his Native Brightness, than *Phillis* be unchast.

Hil. May some Distemper sieze him, till he be carried to some Hospital in the City, and there kill'd by some young Practitioner by way of Experiment!

Line. A Curse on thee, and all thy shallow Politicks!

Dam. Amen, I say. This is the second Time thy boasted Wit has prov'd so fatal to me.

Hil. How unjust now are your Resentments, and how your Passion carries you beyond your Reason! --- How this Plot took Wind, I can't imagine. --- But, if old *Corisca* was at the Bottom of't, I'll make her dearly repent it. --- Yet, had it prosper'd, then you'd both have hug'd me for the Invention.

Dam. You're a Villain, and have wrong'd us both, and e're 'tis long shall make us ample Satisfaction.

[*He and Ernesto go out.*]

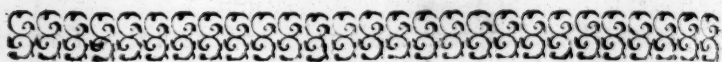
Hil. Go, get you gone, and lay your wise Noddles together, to find out the best Way to extort it from me. --- If thou art tardy, *Corisca*, --- I'll say no more. --- The Ring for that. --- They are both I find against me, but I value them not. Still

*I'll sing, and tipples all Day,
For 'tis but a Folly, &c.*

[*Goes out.*]



SCENE



S C E N E IV.

Enter *Sylvia* alone.

THIS Way my *Oriano* went. --- How strangely
I lost Sight of him ! ---- I'll never rest till I
have found him out.

[*She goes out.*]



S C E N E V.

Enter *Oriano*, and *Marcellus*, drest like a
Shepherd.

Orian. **C**OME, now your Business, Sir.

Marc. 'Tis a fatal one, and will surprise you.

Orian. That it cannot well.

Marc. Oh ! 'Tis a Sin, young Man, of a deep Dye.
Methinks my Face looks black and horrid as my
Thoughts ! Tell me, Sir, does it not ?

Orian. If Villany's your Business, I'll be gone.

Marc. Yet stay a little longer. --- You shall stay, and
be an *Actor* in this *Tragedy*.

Orian.

Orian. What would you do ?

Marc. I would do nothing : --- But I must, ---

Orian. What must you do ?

Marc. Kill thee.

Orian. Kill me ! Surely, Sir, you are not serious. Could I recollect the least Affront or Injury I ever did you, I should believe it.

Marc. Alas ! there lies the Crime. I kill thee because thou art too good, too lovely fair : And, to deal ingenuously with you, because, whilst thou art living, Sylvia will ne'er be mine.

Orian. Had I been your Rival, you might have had some Cause, Some Pretence, I mean, to justify an Act so villainous. --- He, who so unjustly kills another, is a double Murtherer.

Marc. When we execute the Commands of Love, we deserve a softer Title.

Orian. Are you resolv'd to be so cruel then ?

Marc. I must ; --- or be as cruel to my self. --- I scorn, however, to kill you basely : --- Like a Coward kill you. --- See, here ! --- [*Produces two Swords*] Take your own Choice, and then defend your self.

Orian. 'Tis generously done : --- And since it must be so, I'll call my utmost Courage to my Aid. And if the Gods protect the Innocent, I shall not fall. ---

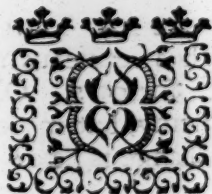
[*Aside.*]

Marc. Are you ready ?

Orian. I am.

Marc. Come on then, --- Sylvia's the Word.

[*They fight.*]



SCENE



S C E N E VI.

Enter *Bellario*.

Bel. **T**WILL be in vain to seek my *Oriana* here. — Yet who knows? — No Path's amiss to one, who has no settled Journey to pursue. — Who's here? — What d'ye mean, Sirs? — Cease this unusual Strife. I thought you Shepherds had not known the Follies of the Court. I will not part from ye, before I see ye Friends.

Orian. [*Aside.*] 'Tis my *Bellario*, or my Eyes deceive me. — Oh, thou dearest Man! — [*Runs to him*] To thee I fly for Shelter. — See! thy *Oriana* here. [*Discovers herself*] — Now kill me, if you can. [*To Marcellus*]

Marc. I'm all Astonishment! *Bellario*! *Oriana*! — Oh, my Sister! How shall I speak! How expiate the horrid Guilt I had conceiv'd!

Orian. This joyful Meeting makes amends for my long tedious Banishment. — Oh! *Bellario*, see what extravagant Actions the Fears of *Lucius*, and my Love for thee, have made me guilty of.

Bel. Excess of Joy has struck me dumb. — Oh, *Oriana*, how amply are my Travels now rewarded! The Sight of thee, thus beauteous as thou art, would dissipate a Flood of Sorrows. Oh, *Marcellus*! No more my *Oriana*'s Enemy, but my loving Brother. — Oh, what a happy Change is here!

S C E N E



SCENE VII.

Enter *Sylvia*.

Marc. **O**H, *Sylvia* ! Behold my Sister ! No longer now my Rival ! Oh ! Make me happy in the Enjoyment of thy Love, since all thy Expectations there are lost forever.

Orian. Let me, kind fair One, become an humble Suiter for my Brother, and plead the Cause of Love in his Behalf. --- Now, *Sylvia*, the *Fates* have solv'd LOVE'S RIDDLE.

Sylv. What do I hear ? --- Oh, my unhappy Stars ! What do I see ? --- I cannot bear the fatal Prospect.

[*Swoons*.]

Marc. Oh ! *Sylvia*, awake. Speak but one Word.

Sylv. [*Coming to herself*.] Why do you disturb me ? --- 'Tisn't kindly done. --- I own my Passion is misplac'd : --- Yet, since 'tis fixt, 'tis hard to tear it from me.

Orian. Rise, fairest *Sylvia*, and tho' the *Fates* forbid our Loves, they yet command our Friendship. Transplant that kind Concern you had for me, into my Brother's Garden. --- See, with what longing Eyes he gazes on thee ! He'll on his Knees receive the Blessing from thee. Confirm me then your Friend, and call me Sister.

Sylv. I'm all Amazement ! --- But since 'twould be a Folly inexcusable, my Error thus discover'd, to pursue my Love, I'll try to check my Passion for thee, and by Degrees forget it. --- Now, *Marcellus*, I pity
both

both my self and thee. ———— Live still in Hope.

Marc. She bids me hope: Kind Gods! She pities me: And Pity still foreruns approaching Love, as Lightning does the Thunder. ————

No anxious Cares shall now disturb my Breast;
Her Pity, and my Hopes shall tune my Soul to rest.



S C E N E VIII.

Enter *Horatio, Sophronia, Marcellus, Oriana, Sylvia, and Bellario.*

Hor. **Y**OUR're welcome Home, *Bellario.* ————
Well, what News?

Bel. *Horatio*, the Gods have heard your Pray'rs, and prov'd propitious to my Travels. Your *Oriana's* safe.

Hor. Oh! lead me to her then, *Bellario*, and don't with-hold a Scene of so much Transport.

Orian. [*Falls on her Knees.*] Behold your Daughter, Sir, and pardon her Disobedience and her Flight. I couldn't love young *Lucius*, tho' you commanded it. I know 'twas my Preferment which you aim'd at: But Wealth's no Dowry when compar'd with Love.

Bel. Now, Sir, we want but your Consent to make us happy.

Hor. Take her, and may Heaven show'r down its choicest Blessings on you both. [*Embraces them.*]

Soph. Oh, Extacy of Joy! Oh, my *Oriana*! Welcome, thrice welcome to thy Mother's Arms!

Bel.

Bel. Now, Sir, to compleat your Happiness, I have another *Present* for you, as unexpected, and as welcome as the former. ——— Your Son *Marcellus*, Sir.

Hor. Then I am blest'd indeed! How, *Bellario*, shall I express my Gratitude to Heav'n and thee, for these unthought of Blessings, or how repay thee for thy honest Services!

Bel. I'm o'er-paid already, Sir.

Soph. O, my Son! My Son! [*Embraces him.*] I fear'd I never should have seen thee more. I now shall die contented.

Marc. Your Blessing both; and pardon my Disguise. But Love, Almighty Love, which turn'd *JUPITER* into a *Swan*, and made *HERCULES's Club* dwindle to a *Distaff*, has wrought this Transformation.

Hor. and *Soph.* You have our Pardon, and our Blessing both.

Marc. Forgive me, Sister, Father, Mother, Friends, that I should think to dye my Hands in Blood. 'Twas Love, not Malice, urg'd me to the Deed, and mighty Love should plead for my Excuse. ——— O *Sylvia*! Thou Charmer of my Heart, smile on *Marcellus*, and make him happy as his Sister.

Hor. Come, Son, ne'er regard her. I have a Fortune for thee in my Eye, that may please you as well, and me much better.

Marc. Oh, never! ——— Let me have *Sylvia*, or let me die. ——— Consider, Sir,

*How base a Foe he is to VENUS' Pow'r,
Who Riches courts, and doats upon a Dow'r.
The Maid consents, yet hates: Her nobler Part
Is lost: She gives her Hand, but keeps her Heart.
How happy they, who not by Fortune join'd,
Marry by nobler Instinct in the Mind!*

As well as I remember, Sir, this was your own Reflection on my Sister's Loss.

Soph.

Soph. Come, Husband, don't let us fall again into an Error, which had like to have prov'd so fatal to us. You know we have enough to make them both happy. The *Maid* is fair, and virtuous, tho' of low Degree.



S C E N E IX.

Enter *Ernesto*.

Ern. I COME to seek a Daughter. ——— Oh! Are you there? 'Tis well.

Marc. This is her Father, Sir. Upon my Knees I beg you to consent, and use your Interest with him.

Hor. Well then, Son, to gratify your Love so firmly fixt, it shall be so. ——— I have no Objection to her Person.

Marc. Not long ago, fair *Sylvia*, you pity'd me, and bid me hope. Oh! now confirm those Hopes, and make me happy.

Sylv. I must obey my Father, Sir.

Marc. Oh *Ernesto*! Now my future Happiness depends on thee. Pronounce my Doom. O say! Shall *Sylvia* be mine?

Ern. My Daughter yours, Sir! ———

Marc. Yes, Mine. If Constancy and Truth deserves her. Oh! Father, Mother, Sister, Friends, plead for me.

Hor. *Shepherd*, You see how much my Son is smitten with your Daughter's Charms. If you think him a Match fit for her, ——— Speak: ——— Her Virtue's all the Portion we expect.

Ern.

Ern. Or I can promise. — If your Designs are honourable, and she is willing, I readily consent. — What say'st thou, *Sylvia*?

Tylv. I submit my self wholly to your Will, Sir.

Ern. Then I'll not hinder thy Advancement. — Take her, Sir; and the Gods bless you both together.

Marc. With greater Joy than I'd receive a Crown.

Ern. [To *Horatio*.] Now, Sir, that you mayn't think you have bestow'd your Son upon a *Common Shepherd's*: Or you, [Turning to *Marcellus*.] with anxious Thoughts in Time to come, when the keen Appetite of Love is over, reflect upon a *Match* so seemingly unequal, I will reveal a *Secret*, relating to my *Sylvia*, which I forever thought to have conceal'd.

Hor. You surprize us. — We're all Attention to the great *Discovery*.

Ern. Know then. *She's not my Daughter.*

Marc. How!

[Starts.

Ern. What I assert is true.

Hor. Go on.

Ern. About fifteen Years ago, as I was walking in yon Woods, I found a *Nurse* most barbarously wounded, and by her Side a *smiling Infant*, richly drest. I, frighten'd at the melancholly Prospect, demanded who had wrong'd her. She groan'd, and faintly utter'd, *TURKISH PYRATES*. Then grasp'd my Hand, and, as she was expiring, *Shepherd*, said she, regard this little Infant; for *she's the only Daughter of a Sicilian Lord*. She would have told his *Name*, but dy'd that Moment. I took her Home, and bury'd her. *The Babe* I strait committed to my Wife. And, as the Gods had bless'd us with no Issue, she nurs'd her as her own.

Hor I now remember, my old Friend *Leonidas*, about that Time, told me that *certain Pirates of Algier* had rob'd his House, and stole away his Daughter. I'll straitway write him Letters of Advice of this Adventure. And if she proves his Daughter, we'll solemnize their Nuptials, as her Birth, and such a Providence requires.

L

Marc.

Marc. How my Heart bounds with Joy!

*Thro' various Hazards and Events we rove:
Tho' dark, yet just are all the Ways of JOVE.*

[All go out.]



SCENE X.

Enter Linco, Corisca, Ernesto, Damatas, Sylvia, Phillis, Horatio, Sophronia, Marcellus, Bellario, and Oriana.

Ern. **S**INCE now *Oriano* is discover'd to be a Woman, and *Sylvia* no more my Daughter, I here, in Earnest, before all this good Company, adopt *Damatas* for my Heir. _____ If then, *Linco*, you will consent. _____

Linc. Ha, ha, he! Consent, quoth'a! Why, you know she's married to *Myrtillo*.

Ern. No, no, I know to the contrary. That was only a Plot of yours. I met *Myrtillo* himself, and he told me so.

Linc. Well, well! No Matter for that. But will you give *Damatas* all, upon your Word?

Ern. I promise you, I will.

Cor. He will I dare answer for him. He will, Duck.

Linc. No matter for that. I scarce dare trust him.

Hor. and *Soph.* We'll stand bound for his Performance.

Linc. Then, let him win her, and wear her, I say.

Phil.

Or, the MERRY SWAIN. III

Phil. [To Oriana.] Henceforth I must not love, but honour you.

Dam. Now, *Phillis*, Bless me, or make me wretched ever.

Phil. I shall be govern'd by my Father, Sir.

Line. Take her then, Boy, she's thine forever.

Dam. With far more Joy, than I would grasp the Wealth of Both the *Ladies*.



SCENE XI.

Enter *Hillario*.

Dam. **O**H, my Friend *Hillario* ! The Storm is now blown over, and *Phillis* is at last my own. Pardon my Passion. Your losing Gamester will be a little peevish.

Ern. There's a perfect Reconciliation on all Sides. Give me your Hand, *Hillario*.

Hil. With all my Heart. I'm not to be sacrific'd then, I find. Threaten'd Folks always live long, you see.

Orian. [To Horatio.] This is the *Shepherd*, Sir, to whom I am oblig'd for all my kind Reception in the Woods. ——— *Hillario*, thou art welcome. Here we are all luckily marry'd, beyond our Expectations. I hope, since you have so many good Examples before your Eyes, you won't be singular. We'll find some kind consenting *Nymph* for you, I warrant you.

Hil. I thank you heartily, good Mrs. *Oriana*. But *Matrimony* at present don't agree with my Constitution.

L 2

When

When I am old, and weary of the World, I may grow desperate perhaps, and take a Wife to *Mortify* withal.
 ——— But while 'tis Spring of Life with me, and my Blood runs warm in my Veins, the fairest of your Sex shan't cheat me of my Freedom. I'm resolv'd

A CATCH.

*To sing away the Day,
 (For 'tis but a Folly
 To be Melancholly)
 And live here while I may.*

Dam. However, you'll be my Guest to Night, and so I hope will all the good Company. Such Entertainment as you find, you shall be heartily welcome to.
 — — But what say you to a *Dance* or two, and a *cheerful Song* till Supper is ready.

Hil. A very good Motion.

All, With all our Hearts.

Dam. Then sit ye all down. I have a *Set* of as merry young *Lads* and *Lasses* in the next Room, as ever tript it on a May-Day Morning. I'll fetch them, and be with you in an Instant.

[He goes out, returns immediately, and seats himself by Phillis.]

[Here may be introduc'd any Pastoral Figure-Dances, or other Rural Diversions, and the Interlude may be clos'd with the following SONG.]



Or, the MERRY SWAIN. II3.
On the Pleasures of a Country Life.

THE SONG.

I.

How happy are the *Nymphs* and *Swains*,
Who dwell on the *Italian Plains*!
No Cares break in upon their Ease,
But all is Harmony and Peace.

Chor. *No Cares break in, &c.*

II.

The *Nymphs* without a Frown appear,
And look as Pleasant as they're Fair.
Each does her faithful Part'ner prize,
And meets him with consenting Eyes.

Chor. *Each does her faithful, &c.*

III.

No distant *Airs* they know, or *Arts*,
To torture their poor *Lovers Hearts*;
But freely they disclose their *Mind*,
And prove as constant as they're kind.

Chor. *But freely they disclose, &c.*

IV.

Thus, like the *First blest Pair*, they live;
And Joys reciprocally give;
Thus spend their *Days* without Offence
In Godlike Love and Innocence.

Chor. *Thus spend their Days, &c.*

[*After the Song, all rise and come forwards.*]

Her. *How many dang'rous Tempests have ye past,
Yet landed at your wish'd for Port at last!
Thus watchful Providence the Lover guards,
And thus his Constancy and Truth rewards.*

F I N I S.

EPILOGUE.



EPILOGUE.

To be spoken by *Hillario*.



O you, Fair Judges, I'm with Orders come,
To know at once what is our final Doom.
We plainly see Our Jury is divided,
And therefore long to have Our Cause de-
cided.

Some, too morose, shew by their down-cast Looks,
They wish we had Rehears'd our Spelling Books:
And think our Time had been much better spent
In Cross-Stitch, Irish-Stitch, or at the Tent.

Yet still we hope we have a Party here,
Who'll be as Merciful, as they Severe.
Who will with Candour judge of what's amiss,
Approve a Task, so innocent as This,
And with Applause our Nymphs and Swains dismiss. }

However,

Let Our Fate be what 'twill we'll be easy,
Since 'tis but a Folly
To be Melancholly,
Now we've done Our Endeavours to please ye.





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PASTORELLA.

OUR MUSE *aspires to no distinguish'd Fame*
In High Parnassus does No Birthright claim.
Yet near the Sacred Mount She loves to rove.
Visits the Springs, and hovers round the GROVE

PASTORAL DIALOGUES:

WITH OTHER

Original POEMS,

A N D

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By Mr. BELLAMY.



Printed in the Year MDCCXXIII.



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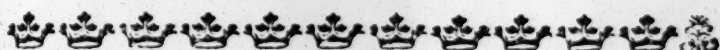
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So
An



Pastoral Dialogues, &c.



LOVE'S ADVOCATE:
OR, THE
INDULGENT TUTOR.

From *Guarini's* PASTOR FIDO.

SCENE, *A Grotto.*

Enter *Silvio* and *Linco*.

Linco.



H, *Silvio* !

Hadst thou e'er tasted the extatic
Pleasure,

Truly to love, and be belov'd again,
Thy adamant Heart would
quickly soften ;

Soon wouldst thou cherish the fond
Flame within thee ;

Soon would't thou think thy present Life insipid,
And murmur to have liv'd so long without it.

No

118 PASTORAL DIALOGUES, &c.

*No more the Pleasures of the Woods approve :
Leave, leave all other Sports for Godlike Love.*

Silv. Talk not to me of thy *Fantastic Flames* :
I tell thee, *Linco*, that I value more
One brindled *Boar*, by my *Melampo* caught,
Than Thousands of those *Nymphs* thou so extoll'st.
Let those, who have a nicer Taste than I,
The *Beauties* of the Plains with Pride enjoy ;
I cannot relish such Society.

Linco. *Silvio*, thy Soul is out of Tune. ———
But have a Care ; the Hour will one Day come,
When thou must own *Love's* soft Supremacy.
Sooner or later, Once he triumphs o'er us,
Asserts his Right, and claims our due Allegiance.
Believe me, *Silvio*,
(For I, by sad Experience, know the Truth on't.)
No greater Pain can Mortal undergo,
Than in his Evening, his Decline of Life,
To feel the sharp, the peircing Stings of Love.
For then, no Cure can for the Wound be found,
And every Application, when renew'd,
Does but enflame, and make it rage the more.
When e'er in *Youth* he strikes his Arrows deep,
He quickly cures himself the Wounds he makes ;
Eases his Patient's Pains with future Hopes,
And with a Smile atones for former Frowns.
But if his Arrows once transfix the *Old*,
(Who cannot attribute their *Nymphs* Disdain,
To any thing but the Decay of Nature.)
Then are the Wounds he makes incurable,
And all their Pains too sharp for human Sufferance.
Prithee, Dear *Silvio*, do not hasten on thee
The Curse of Time, before the Time appointed ;
For, Oh ! to learn to *Love*, when thou art *Old*,
Will sting thy drooping Soul with double Torture.
How wilt thou then upon thy self reflect,
That in thy *Youth* thou didst *Love's* Charms neglect !
*No more the Pleasures of the Woods approve :
Leave, leave all other Sports for Godlike Love.*

Silv.

PASTORAL DIALOGUES, &c. 119

Silv. As if there were no Pleasures to pursue,
But those, which your *Fantastic Lovers* know.

Linc. Tell me, if in the jovial Month of *May*,
When the gay Earth is deckt in all her Glory,
Should'st thou, instead of verdant flow'ry Meads,
Instead of shady Groves and purling Streams,
Behold the Pine, the Ash, the Oak, all Leaf-less,
The Ground without a Flow'r, the Floods congeal'd,
Would'st thou not say, that *Nature* was inverted,
The *Universe* was sick, and just expiring.
Now, *Silvio*, turn thy Eyes upon thy self,
And thou wilt see a *Prodigy* in Nature,
As horrible as this: To different Ages,
Heaven has bestow'd Diversity of Passions:
And as *fond Love* but ill becomes the *Old*,
So he that's *Young*, and disregards the *Fair*,
Thwarts the Designs of Nature and of Heav'n.

Silvio, look round:

Examine all the Works of the Creation,
And thou wilt find 'em all th' Effects of *Love*.
Dost thou not see yon *Messenger of Day*?
Ev'n *She herself* does *Cupid's Pow'r* obey.
This Moment sure she left her *God of War*,
She looks so gay, and so divinely fair!
Love fires the *Beasts* that haunt the desert Woods,
And *bulky Whales* that lord it in the Floods.
The *Nightingal*, that tunes his warbling Throat,
And strikes thine Ear with such a pleasing Note,
That wantonly from Beach to Beach does move,
Could he but speak, would say, *I burn with Love*.
Love sparkles in his little wanton Eyes,
And his soft Warblings want of Speech supplies.
His pretty *tender Mate* knows what they mean,
And listens to them with a pleasing Pain.
The *lusty Bull* ranges the Pastures round,
And bellows as he runs, and spurns the Ground;
But then those awful Sounds, those Gestures prove
Not the Result of *Anger*, but of *Love*.

The

120 PASTORAL DIALOGUES, &c.

The *Lion* roars within the desert Wood,
More for his *absent Mate* than want of Food.
In short, there's no created Thing but thee,
That is from *Love's* Almighty Pow'r free.
And shall my *Silvio* no Devotion pay
To Him, that bears such universal Sway?
No more the Pleasures of the Woods approve:
Leave, leave all other Sports for God-like Love.

Silv. Was then my tender blooming Years dost
think,
Entrusted to thy Care for nothing else,
But to attend thy soft *Romantic Lectures*,
Thy *Love-sick Stories*, which my Soul abhors?
Pray, *Linc.* recollect thy self, and know
The *Inequality* there is betwixt us.

Linc. I am a Man, proud *Youth*, and thou'rt no
more,
And glory in my mortal Composition.
If thy ambitious Soul disdains the Title,
And takes her Flight beyond a human Pitch,
Take Care thou dostn't sink beneath ev'n *Manhood*,
In aiming to be something more than *Man*.

Silv. My great, my valiant *Grandfire* HERCULES,
Who quell'd the savage *Monsters* of the Woods,
Whose Blood runs briskly thro' my youthful Veins,
Had never been recorded in *Fame's* Annals,
Had he not first subdu'd that *Monster*, LOVE.

Linc. Pride and Ambition, *Silvio*, blind thy Reason.
Where hadst thou been? How, pray, hadst thou been
born,

Had thy *Alcides* never felt *Love's* Pow'r?
Nay, all the glorious Actions he perform'd,
The many Conquests which he gain'd in Battle,
Were all th' Effects of this *Almighty Passion*.
Hast thou not heard, how the fair *Omphale*
Made him confess the Triumph of her Eyes,
And bound him Captive by her Magic Charms?
How he resign'd his rugged *Lion's* Skin,
To deck himself in all her female Glory?

How

How he sat down to learn her little Arts,
 And turn'd his *knotty Club* into a *Disstaffe*?
 Thus would he shift the Scene, and when fatigu'd,
 With the hard Toil, and Hazard of the Day,
 In her soft Arms repose himself at Night;
 There make amends for all his Labours past,
 Surfeit on Joys till ev'n Desire grew sick;
 And then his former Toils again repeat.
 If then thy haughty Soul would imitate
 The glorious Warlike Deeds thy *Grandfire* wrought;
 Tho' still thou dost in Woods delight to rove,
 Yet do not banish quite the Thoughts of *Love*.
 Sometimes to *Amaryllis's* Charms resign;
 Her Blood's as noble, and as rich as thine.
 That thou dost shun *Dorinda's* proffer'd Love,
 I do not only pardon, but approve.
 Thine *Honour*, which thou dost so highly prize,
 Will not permit th' *unlawful Flame* to rise;
 Can ne'er consent thou basely should'st abuse,
 So great, so worthy, so divine a *Spouse*.

Silv. That she's my *Spouse*, as yet thou canst not
 say.

Linc. Were there not solemn Vows between you
 past?

Take care, *Proud Youth*, you don't the G O D S dis-
 tast.

Silv. The Gift of *Freedom*, is the Gift of J O V E;
 He ne'er regards *compulsive Vows* of Love.

Linc. Nay, but I tell thee, *Silvio*, J O V E looks
 down,

And makes *this Match* a Business of his own;
 Has promis'd to attend thy *Nuptial Rites*,
 And crown 'em with unheard of, new Delights.

Silv. Canst think that J O V E would break his
 sweet Repose,

To mind such trivial Things, as *Lover's Vows*?

I tell thee, *Amaryllis* I despise,

Nor am I mov'd with fair *Dorinda's* Eyes;

122 PASTORAL DIALOGUES, &c.

No *Female Planet* rul'd when I was born :
The *Queen of Love* with all her Charms I scorn.

DIANA is the *Goddeſs* I approve,
And I'm resolv'd thro' all her Woods to rove.

Linc. Hard - hearted Youth ! I ſcarcely can believe,

Thou doſt from Gods, or *Men*, thy Race derive.

Or, if thy *Father* was a mortal Man,

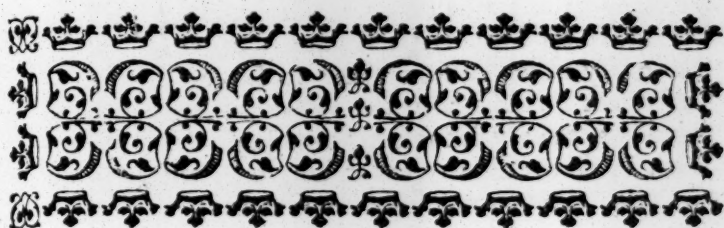
Thro' all his Veins *Alecto's* Poisons ran.

When in his Arms thy *Mother* he careſt,

Tyſiphone alone his Heart poſſeſt.



LOVE



Love and RESENTMENT.



From *Guarini's* PASTOR FIDO.



Enter *Corisca* alone.



HAT Words can paint the Passi-
on which I feel ?

The wild Disorder of my Soul re-
veal ?

Is it not strange two Contraries
should meet,

And such intestine, Civil War
create ?

That Love and *Hatred* should possess my Breast,
And banish thence all Hopes all Thoughts of Rest ?
When I survey *Myrtillo's* beauteous Face,
Each Lineament, each lovely Feature trace,
Think on each Motion, each attractive Grace :



M 2

When

124 PASTORAL DIALOGUES, &c.

Whene'er I hear his soft melodious Tongue,
 Or listen to the Musick of his Song,
 My Soul's on Fire, with Extacy I move,
 And every other Passion yields to Love.
 But when I think how the *disdainful Boy*
 Beholds *another* with triumphant Joy:
 With Pride avoids my eager longing Arms,
 (Wilfully blind to my superior Charms)
 The furious Storm begins again to rise,
 My Rage revives, and I the *Youth* despise.
 What ! Shall I tamely bear his proud Disdain ?
 Sue for a *Shepherd's* Love, and sue in vain ?
 Shall he presume to slight my dazzling Charms,
 And revel in a *meaner Beauty's* Arms ?
 Audacious Villain ! to be mov'd no more,
 To view my Eyes, and not my Eyes adore !
 To view my Charms, and yet so senseless prove,
 As not to languish, not to burn for Love !
 Shall I submit, when he should prostrate lie,
 Be proud like others at my Feet to die ?
 Oh ! No : ---- The Shock my Heart can never bear :
 The Thought confounds me, drives me to Despair.
 Against *My self*, against the *Youth* I rage,
 Nor can my former Love the Storm assuage.
Myrtillo proves the Object of my Scorn ;
 From the loath'd Sight my Eyes with Fury turn.
 My worst of Wishes does the *Swain* pursue :
 My Passion does no Bounds, no Compass know.
 Thus Love and mortal Hatred in their Turn,
 Like intermitting Fevers, chill and burn.
 I, who have sacrific'd a Thousand *Swains*,
 Laugh'd at their Love, and slighted all their Pains,
 Now feel those Fires, which they have undergone,
 And guess at others Torments by my own.
 I, who have stood unmov'd at all their Tears,
 Deaf as the Winds to all their amorous Pray'rs,
 Have banish'd all their Hopes, with Pride survey'd
 The Devastation which my Eyes have made,
 Am now oblig'd my wayward Fate to moan,
 And a poor simple *Shepherd's* Conquest own.

Corica,

PASTORAL DIALOGUES, &c. 125

Corisca, how unhappy hadst thou been,
Hadst thou no Love, but *Myrtillo* seen!
What would'st thou do? How sooth thy amorous
Pain,

Or how revenge the Villain's proud Disdain?
To what Extreams may that poor *Maid* be drove,
Whose foolish Heart admits one only Love.

Corisca's Soul shall ne'er be so confin'd:
She'll love and change as often as the Wind.
For what is Faith, or what is constant Love,
But idle Dreams which jealous Doatards prove?
In vain does silly Man expect to find,
Or Faith or Constancy in Woman-kind.

But if by Chance the Prodigy appears;
'Tisn't th' Effect of Virtue, but of Years.
Some ruin'd Beauty, that Love's War gives o'er,
Pleas'd with one Captive when she finds no more.
Why shines the *Sun* but that he may be view'd?
What's Beauty if conceal'd, or not pursu'd?

Happy's the *Nymph* whom various *Swains* adore,
Her Triumph's glorious, and her Peace secure.

One cannot well all Offices supply,

But a long *Train of Lovers* crown our Joy.

This, with a matchless Grace his Gifts bestows,

That, Dances, Sings, and the shrill Trumpet blows;

A *Third* Reads well, all *Plays*, and *Novels* knows.

On each the prudent *Nymph* confers a Smile,

And seems well-pleas'd to see their various Toil.

But none shall ever so successful prove,

As to transfix my Heart with ardent Love.---

And yet, so weak my Resolutions are,

Myrtillo sits, alas! in Triumph there.

I sigh the live-long Day, yet sigh in vain,

I languish, burn, and feel unusual Pain.

All Night my Tears like tumbling Surges rowl,

And thence disclose the Secrets of my Soul.---

Unhappy Change! To distant Shades I fly,

Yet all in vain, the Shades Relief deny.

In vain I wander thro' the gloomy Grove,

And trace the Footsteps of my hated Love.

126 PASTORAL DIALOGUES, &c.

What shall unhappy, poor *Corisca* do ? —

Corisca cannot, --- Must not, --- Will not sue.

Shall I forever from his Presence fly ? ---

I cannot go ; --- For if I go, --- I die.

In these Extreams what Measures are the best,

To heal my Grievs, and tune my Soul to rest ?

To still this Storm I must approach the *Swain*,

And by Indulgence rowse his Love again.

By slow Degrees my Passion must reveal,

But the dear Object artfully conceal.

What Wiles, what Stratagems can do I'll try,

But if all fail to sweet Revenge I'll fly.

The proud disdainful *Youth* shall quickly prove

My *Fierce Resentment*, if he flights my Love.

And my proud *Rival* to his Soul so dear,

Shall curse the Day she did my Lawrels wear.

At last, they both shall to their Sorrow know,

What Mischief, One provok'd like me, can do.



THE



T H E
ABSENT NYMPH:
OR, THE
DOATING SWAIN.

~~~~~  
A MUSICAL INTERLUDE.  
~~~~~

SCENE *a Grove.*

Enter *Strephon, Myrtillo, and Menalcas.*

Strephon,

R I S E,

Oh! gentle *God of Sleep,*
My Eyes
In thy soft Bondage keep,
And ease my lab'ring Heart
Of all her Pains, and all her Smart.

All



128 PASTORAL DIALOGUES, &c.

All alone,
I weep and moan ;
For Oh! My *Sylvia's* gone,
Thou alone,
Canst ease my Moan,
Now 'lovely *Sylvia's* gone.

Myrt. Bring here thy pow'rful Magic Wand :
Thy Aid we do implore.
Oh! Ease the *Shepherd's* tortur'd Mind,
And let him sigh no more.

Fast tho' thy Chains do hold him,
Yet then he will be free
From the wracking,
Ever waking
Pangs that have enthrall'd him,
And *Cupid's* Tyranny.

Chor. Fast tho' thy Chains, &c.

[*Morpheus rises half asleep.*

Mor. Ye gentle Swains, my Aid invoking,
Your faithful Friendship I approve,
In peaceful Slumbers Dreams provoking,
I'll reward young *Strephon's* Love.

Strep. Tho' within thy soft Bonds I would lie,
Let my Fancy still frolicksome play ;
Unconfined let her rove,
And the Nymph that I love
To my Eyes let the Mimick convey ;
If I lose the dear Object I die.

Mor.

PASTORAL DIALOGUES, &c. 129

Mor. *Her lovely Image soon I'll send
Her Beauties all displaying,
A Thousand Cupids shall attend,
And in her Eyes be playing.*

[Morpheus waves his Wand over Strephon's Head,
and descends while Strephon falls asleep.

Men. Oh ! FANCY, now,
Oh ! wakeful Maid,
Enquire below,
Thro' Sleep's vast shade
For the fair Nymph the Swain has lost :
If Sylvia there
Thou canst not find,
Yet bring some Fair
To ease his Mind,
That may resemble Sylvia most.

Myrt. But if no Draught be treasur'd there
Of One so fair ;
Let Fancy shew
Her Art, and paint her all a-new.
From each GODDESS steal a Grace ;
Let her be her Master-Peice ;
Not Fancy's self can Sylvia's Charms out do.

Men. If all her Art shall not avail,
(Nor shall I wonder if she fail)
To draw a Piece of so much Eminence,
Let her content with Strephon rest,
Till she beholds his waking Breast ;
She'll find her Image never stray from thence.

Chor. *Let her content, &c.*

[Strephon wakes.

Strep.

130 PASTORAL DIALOGUES, &c.

Strep.

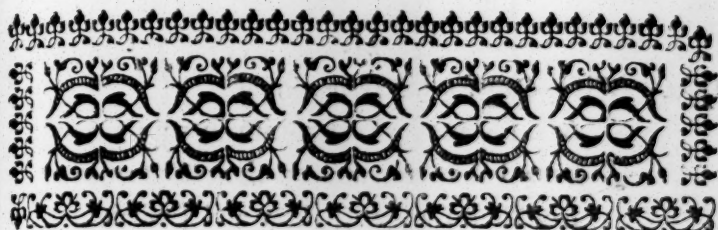
*False God, away,
And re-assume thy dull Pow'r ;
See thou betray
A fond Lover no more.*

*All Attempts forbear
To delude my Care :
E're I'll lose my dear Charmer again,
No Sleep will I take,
But for ever I'll wake,
Such Pleasure attends the Pain.*

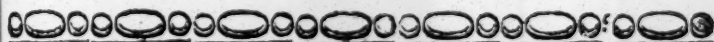
*Chor. No more, ye Swains, no more employ
Dull Morpheus's Pow'r to ease your Pain;
The absent Lover's darling Foy
Is still to wake, and still complain.*



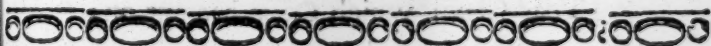
THE



T H E
RECANTATION:
A
DIALOGUE,
BETWEEN
CORYDON and SYLVIA.



From H O R A C E.



I.

Corydon,



W H I L E *Sylvia* sigh'd for me alone,
And prov'd as kind as she was fair;
I envy'd not the Gods their *Heav'n*,
But thought a *brighter Heav'n* was
here.

II. *Sylvia*.

II.

- Sylv.* While *Corydon* his *Sylvia* lov'd,
 And Others sigh'd for him in vain ;
Queens I despis'd, and on their Crowns
 Look'd down with Pity and Disdain.

III.

- Cor.* Now *Chloe's* Song, and graceful Air,
 Attracts my Ear, and charms my Eye;
 For whom (would the kind Gods but spare
 Her precious Life) I'd freely die.

IV.

- Sylv.* *Alexis* too has fir'd my Breast,
 And at my Feet does panting lie;
 For whom (would the kind Gods but spare
 His precious Life) I'd doubly die.

V.

- Cor.* But say, fair *Sylvia*, should I break
 That Chain which *Chloe* has put on;
 Say, should *deserted Love* return,
 And I confess your Charms alone.

VI.

- Sylv.* 'Then tho' he's brighter than a Star,
 And thou inconstant as the Sea;
 No Rival shall thy Place supply,
 I'll Live and Die with thee.



T H E

Constant COUPLE:

O R, T H E

Protesting LOVERS.

I.



U N D E R a pleasant *Myrtle's* Shade,
Within a silent *Grove*,
Young *Damon* and *Miranda* met,
And thus discours'd of *Love*.

II.

Dam. Oh! My *Miranda*, thou'rt more fair
Than *Lillies* newly blown;
More soft than *Cytharea's* Doves,
Or the young *Swan's* first Down.

N

Mir.

III.

Mir. Strong as a Mountain is thy Form,
Yet gentle is thy Mind;
And thou art he, whom I alone
Can love of all Mankind.

IV.

Dam. Was fair *Oenone* to revive,
And dwell upon our *Plain*;
To own a *Love-sick Flame* for me,
That *Flame* should rise in vain.

V.

Mir. Was *Paris* to confess my Charms,
I'd scorn the lovely Boy;
Prefer an humble Life with thee
To all the Pomp of *Troy*.

VI.

Dam. For thee, *Miranda*, I have kept
A *Lambkin* in my Fold;
Apples, and Plumbs, and lovely Grapes,
With Purple streakt, and Gold.

VII.

Mir. I have a tuneful *Pipe* and *Crook*,
(A *Present* made to me)
A *Garland* too of choicest Flowers,
Which I've preserv'd for thee.

VIII.

Dam. No *Swain* was ever sure possesst
Of such extatic Bliss!
Oh! Let us join our Hearts and Hands,
And seal 'em with a Kiss!

IX. *Mir.*

IX.

Mir. No *Nymph* was ever sure so blest
 With such a *Swain* as I !
 But wilt thou ever prove thus kind,
 And never from me fly ?

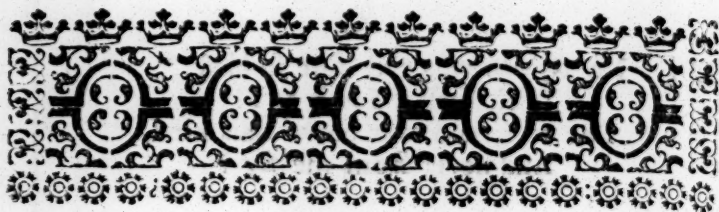
X.

Dam. Fear not your *Swain* will e'er prove false,
 Or from *his* *Charmer* rove :
 When 'tis an *Angel* we admire,
 We cannot change our Love.

XI.

Thus like the first *blest* *Pair* they sat,
 Before their fallen State ;
 More proud of being *kind* and *chast*,
 Than being *Rich* or *Great*.





T H E
P R O C L A M A T I O N :
A
C A N T A T A.

Rec.



FROM the immortal Realms above,
All drown'd in Tears the *Queen of*
Love
On Earth descends, in hopes to find
Her *vagrant Son* amongst Mankind.
Thro' *Paphos'* Streets the Frantic flies,
And thus her *little Rambler* CRIES.

Air. *Oh ! Say, ye Men of Paphos, say,*
 (And ease my anxious Care)
 Saw ye my Cupid pass this Way ?
 Alas ! he's lost I fear.
 The generous Swain that shall reveal
 Where the young Wanderer is,
 Shall have from Venus the Reward
 Of a transporting Kifs.

Rec.

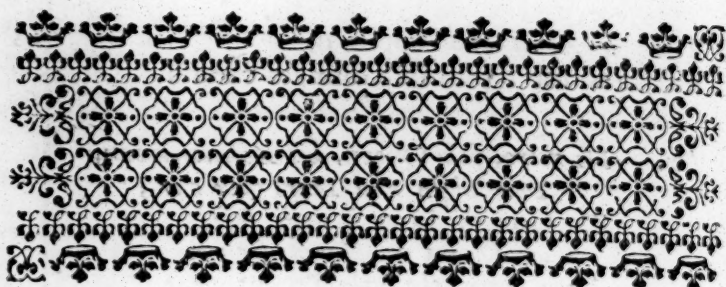
Rec. Amidst the Numbers numberless,
That saw, and pity'd her Distress,
The gay *Alexis* soon appear'd,
And thus the nuptial GODDESS chear'd.

Air. No more, fair Queen, his Absence moan,
Your Sighs and Tears give o'er ;
The GOD of Love is very safe,
And from all Harms secure.
Here, here, the little Tyrant plays,
And revels in my Heart ;
Encircled with a Thousand Flames,
And many a pointed Dart.

Rec. At this Joy dances in her Eyes,
And in her Cheeks new Charms arise.
With Transport he the *Queen* surveys,
And, fond of her soft Promise, says.

Air. Now, beauteous GODDESS, on your Swain
Bestow the proffer'd Kifs ;
Or let it come from *Chloe's* Lips,
And so augment his Bliss.





T H E
R O V E R :
O R, T H E
W A Y to Win H I M.
A S O N G.

I.



O W tormenting's the Anguish,
When the *Fair* pine and languish,
And too soon their Indul-
gence discover :

If the *Nymph* is complying,
The *Swain* ceases dying,

And the Warmth of his Passion is over.

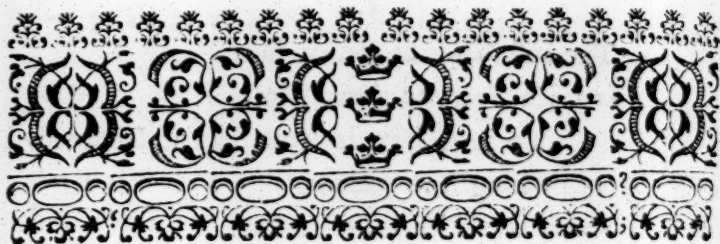
II. The

II.

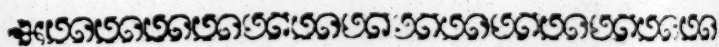
The best Way to charm him,
Is with Fears to alarm him,
To keep him in Awe, and at Distance:
By making him jealous,
She makes him more zealous,
And secures him her *Slave* by RESISTANCE.



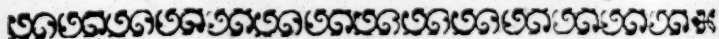
THE



THE
DOG and the SHADOW:
A
Stock-Jobbing FABLE.



Written in the Mad Year, 1720.



IN Days of Yore a Farmer's
Dog
(To use fam'd *Æsop's* APO-
LOGUE)
Took a sly Tour around his
Kitchen,
(As *Joan* her tatter'd Gown was
stitching,
And *John* was busy sitting nigh
her,
Telling Love-Stories at the Fire.)

And

And squinted *East, West, North, and South,*
To find out something for the Mouth.

And in the *Pantry* on a *Hook*

He spy'd a *Leg of Mutton* stuck.

This, this must be the *lucky Minute,*

Or else, quoth he, *Old Nick* is in it.

So up he mounts on his fore *Paws,*

And gripes the *Joint* between his *Jaws.*

But now I've got, thinks he, my *Booby,*
(Lest *Joan* should scold, or *John* should shoot me ;)

For Preservation's Sake, 'tis better

To Dine to Day a-cross the Water.

Now here 'tis proper, to be noted,
That *Towzer's Master's House* was Moted :

So in he jumps with his *Tit-Bit,*

And long'd on t'other Side to get.

The fam'd *Leander* couldn't more

Desire to land on *Hero's Shore.*

But as the *Moat* was smooth and clear,

And gilt with *Sun-Beams* here and there,

The *Shadow* of his new got *Prize,*

Presents it self before his *Eyes.*

Bless me ! quoth he, here's *noble Luck !*

Here's *Profit !* Here's *Encrease of Stock !*

Here's *Cent per Cent* got in a *Trice :*

This *STOCK-JOBING's* a rare *Device !*

He said, ---- And at the *Shadow* snaps,

And down the *Leg of Mutton* drops :

Too late he finds what he has done,

And sees at once his *Dinner* gone.

Speechless

142 PASTORAL DIALOGUES, &c.

Speechless a while the PUPPY stood,
And low'r'd on the *deceitful Flood* :
But at the last, all drown'd in Tears,
He curst his *Fate*, and shook his *Ears*.

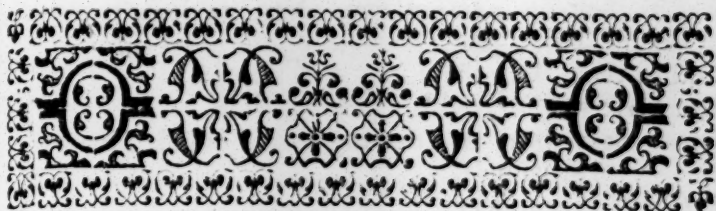
M O R A L.

Was ever senseless DOG so bit ?
Had ever WHELP so little Wit,
T' involve himself in so much Trouble,
For a meer SHADOW, a meer BUBBLE ?



Grandeur

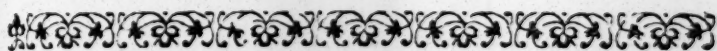
Wif
Rou
Nov
And



GRANDEUR no true Happiness :

O R, T H E

Pleasures of Retirement.



From S E N E C A.



H E Silver Moon, and all her
Starry Train,
No longer now their borrow'd
Light retain.
Night turns her sable Chariot to
give way
To the more bright, more glorious
Dawn of Day.

Wish'd Morning's come, and now the lab'ring *Swains*
Rouse from their homely Huts, and fill the Plains.

Now on the dewy Hills the *Lambkins* graze,
And the young *Heifer* round the Pasture plays.

The

144 PASTORAL DIALOGUES, &c.

The chearful Birds are now upon the Wing,
And as they fly their amorous Descants sing.
In tuneful Notes their new-born Joys express,
And in their Way the *Rising Sun* confess.
The greedy *Fisher*, with a pleasing Pain,
Stands near some murmuring Brook whole Hours
in vain;

Yet baits his unsuccessful Hook again.
Lucky at last he lizes on his Prey,
And wonders at the Fortune of the Day.
Early the *Fowler* spreads his artful Nets,
And round his Toils a *warbling Concert* sets;
Whose well known Strains the *Feather'd Choir* allure,
Crown his *Deceit*, and make his *Game* secure.

THESE are the *harmless Pastimes* of the *Swain*,
That's blest with Peace, and undisturb'd with Pain:
Whose humble Cottage and luxuriant Field,
(Life's greatest Blessing) true *Contentment* yeild.
Whilst anxious Care the *Courtier's* Bosom burns,
And Hopes and Fears torment his Soul by turns;
Like Whirlwinds penetrate thro' every Part,
And search the inmost Secrets of his Heart.

Here, One on some *High Priest*, or *Peer* attends,
With a *Petition* for himself, or Friends:
Now here, now there, from Place to Place is tost,
And yet at last perhaps his Labour's lost.
A *Miser* there, regardless of the Pain
Or Danger, ventures thro' the *Liquid Main*,
And searches *both* the *Indies* to augment his Gain.
Never contented still he grasps at more,
And 'midst his Plenty lives forever poor.

Here, a *fond Fool*, that's bloated with *Applause*,
Bestow'd by *greater Fools* without a Cause,
Grows strait imperious, thinks their Praises just,
And in the *Whirle* of vain *Ambition's* lost.
There, the brib'd *Gownsmen* for his *Client* pleads,
And laughs at *Justice* if his *Cause* succeeds.

But FEW are THEY (alas! the Number's few)
Who true *Content*, true *Happiness* pursue.

The

145 PASTORAL DIALOGUES, &c.

The longest Life's but an extended Span,
And the World's greater Half ne'er rise to Man.

Be then advis'd, the *certain* Now improve,
And sieze the various Pleasures of the *Grove*.
With your shrill Horns by Break of Day prepare
To rouse the subtle *Fox*, or timorous *Hare* ;
Or range for *Feather'd Game* the shady Woods,
Or draw with your fallacious Nets the Floods.
And when the Sun is in the Ocean set,
Let sprightlier Joys your harmless Sports compleat.
To some indulgent *Sylvan Maid* repair,
The *Sylvan Maids* are generous as they're fair.
When at their Feet the suppliant Lover lies,
They meet his Passion with consenting Eyes :
With gentle Smiles his amorous Sighs reward,
For Truth and Innocence are all their Guard.

Let Others fondly pay their Court to *Fame*,
And *slave* to purchase an *Heroic Name*.
Let Others in triumphant Chariots ride,
And sacrifice their precious Peace to Pride :
Grant me, ye Pow'rs an humble, *Rural Seat*,
Free from the Noise and Hurry of the *Great* ;
Where I with Pleasure, tho' obscure may dwell :
RICH DISCONTENT is but a GLORIOUS HELL.

F I N I S.



O

THE



TAFFY'S TRIUMPH.

T H E
CAMBRIAN PATRIOT:
OR, THE
GRAND PROJECTOR.

A N
Heroi-Comic P O E M.

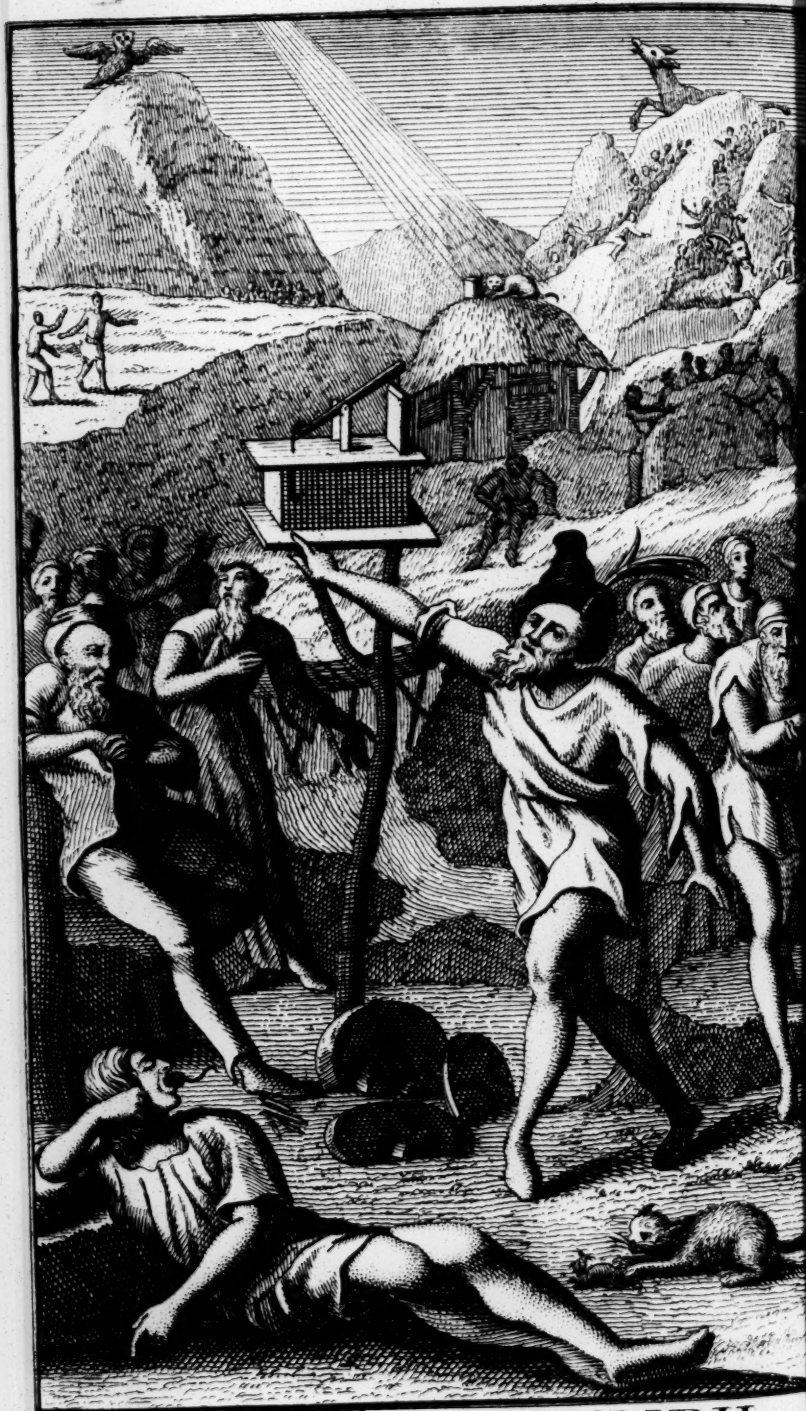
Written Originally in *Latin*, by *E. Holdsworth*, of *Magd. Coll. Oxon.* And now
Translated after the Manner of
MILTON.

By Mr. BELLAMY.

*Inhuman Men,
Skillful in Guile and Mischief, have contriv'd
A DIRE MACHINE, full of insidious Fraud,
They call a TRAP, a mortal Foe to MICE.*

Hom. Barr.

Printed in the Year MDCCXXIII.



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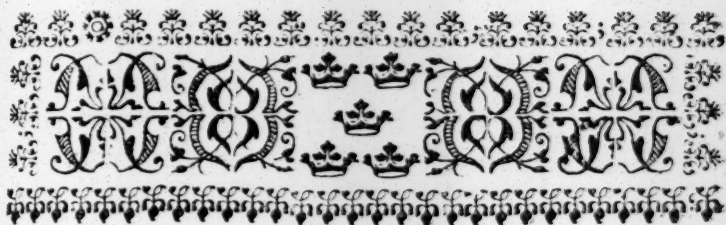


M

S



ing



T O  
ROBERT LOYD, *Esq;*  
*Fellow - Commoner,*  
O F  
MAGDALEN-COLLEGE,  
I N  
O X F O R D.

S I R,



INCE my MUSCIPULA  
(which was invented with  
no ill Design on any living  
Creature but MICE) has  
prov'd very prejudicial to its  
*Author*, by falling into un-  
skilful Hands, and appear-  
ing in *Publick* most shamefully incorrect,

## DEDICATION.

I resolv'd to revise my PROJECT, and publish a *New Edition* of it, (trivial as it is) that I might not be accountable for the egregious Errors of an illiterate *Printer*.

How I shall answer for my *more than Poetical Assurance*, in presuming to make you the PATRON of this *little Performance*, I own, SIR, I am at a Loss; since *some Gentlemen*, of too warm and sanguine a Complexion, may be apt to put a wrong Construction on my *Design*, and look on it as a very awkward Complement to your Countrymen.

DID I intend it as a *Satyr*, I should never forgive my self for attempting to asperse so bold, so brave a Nation; nor can one of your Character, in my Opinion, fairly admit of such a Thought. This MOCK-POEM surely is too ludicrous, of too light a Nature, to cast the least Cloud over the Glories of any True-Born BRITON, or procure it's *Author* the serious Reflection of any Man of Sense.

I MUST own I have made choice of a *low Subject* on a People so *highly deserving*, and who are capable of furnishing more pompous *Images* for an EPIC POEM, than ridiculous *Materials* for a Piece of *Burlesque*. Besides, as the Exploits of the *Cambro-Britons* are too Great and Heroic  
for

## DEDICATION.

for the Pen of a *Comic Muse*, it would be an Act of Injustice to commemorate them in any other Language than their own. I have this only to offer in my own Defence, (for some perhaps may imagine I stand in need of an Excuse) that I had nothing in my Eye but the Honour of your Country, and a publick Vindication of its renown'd Antiquity.

GREECE has long ago in a clandestine Manner grasp'd at all the Honours she could lay the least Pretence to; and not satisfy'd with having translated *Astronomy* from the *Chaldeans*, *Letters* from the *Phœnicians*; nay, their Jove himself from the *Cretans*, was arriv'd to that Pitch of Assurance, as to engross to herself (esteeming her Glories otherwise incomplete) the sole Invention of the MOUSE-TRAP.

How then should any *True Born* BRITON forbear to shew his just Resentment, To hear so modern an Author as *Homer*, who at farthest wrote but Three Thousand Years ago, ascribe this GRAND PROJECT to the elaborate Thought of a contemporary *Artist*, when it is full well known it ow'd its Original to the teeming Brain of a Judicious WELCH-MAN, who liv'd some Hundreds of Years before he was born or thought of!

FOR

## DEDICATION.

FOR this Reason. SIR, I esteem'd it my Duty to convince the World of so egregious an Error, to vindicate your Country's Right to Antiquity, and to prevent that same *Homer's* modern *Engineer* from running away with all the Applause of so useful an *Invention*, which alone is due to your celebrated TAFKY.

AND here I confess, *Dear Fellow-Collegian*, since your Countrymen have been so remarkable for their uncommon Achievements, I am at a Loss for proper Colours to express your Merit. For in you, SIR, the Virtues of your Country, and your most worthy Family, are so ambiguously interwoven, that it is difficult to determine whether you are a greater Ornament to the One, or the Other. You have deriv'd, from a *long Train of Ancestors*, an unshaken Resolution to defend the Rights and Privileges of the *best Constitution*, and an holy and flaming Zeal to maintain the Honour of the *purest Church*. And may not WALES be justly big with the greatest Expectations, when with Pleasure she beholds so *bright* a *Genius* daily shooting forwards, and Our MAGDALEN, by her benign Influence, promoting the Growth of so promising a Plant?

WHEN hereafter your Judgment shall arrive to its full Maturity, and my poor  
Eulo-



## DEDICATION.

*Eulogiums* be lost in the more extensive Commendations of your Friends, I hope you'll sometimes condescend to smile on this *Trifle*; and accept of it as a Testimony of that Friendship, which has hitherto been preserv'd inviolable between us.

*I am,*

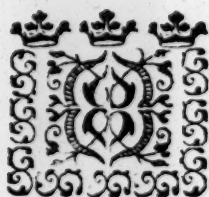
*S I R,*

*Your Most Oblig'd,*

*Most Obedient,*

*Humble Servant,*

E. HOLDSWORTH.



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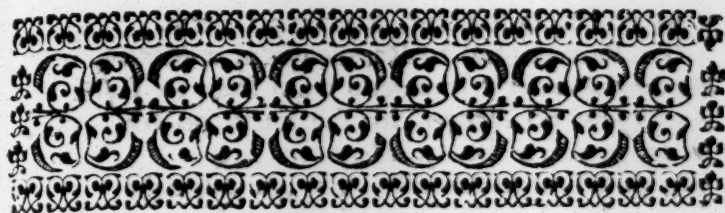
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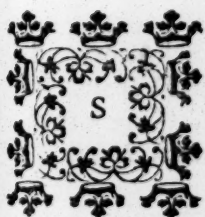
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T H E  
CAMBRIAN PATRIOT :  
OR, THE  
GRAND PROJECTOR.  
A  
*Heroi-Comic P O E M.*



ING, *heav'nly Muse*, in Lays harmonious sing,  
The CAMBRO-BRITON, whose prolific *Brain*  
First form'd an ENGINE, to the jovial MICE  
Ill-boding, menacing Destruction dire.  
And Thou, *All-pow'rful PHOEBUS*, deign to aid  
Her *Flight* audacious : Erst (as *Poets* sing)  
Thou once profess'd thy self to MICE a *Foe*,  
Dreadful, implacable ; nor scorn to own  
Some lofty *Cambrian Mount*, which lifts its Head  
High as *Parnassus* ; but from thence dart down  
Thy *Influence*, while she pursues her *Theme*,

Tho'

Tho' trivial, in sublime, MILTONIC Verse.

To Plunder, and to Rapine giv'n, a MOUSE,  
*Horrible Monster !* wander'd from Dish to Dish,  
 And knew no *Danger*, for she knew no *Gin* :  
 Long exercis'd the sly, *Mercurial Art*,  
 Unpunish't, uncontroul'd ; nor left untoucht  
*Brown Bread*, or *White*, or *Milk*, or *Bacon* rough,  
 Or fragrant *Cheese*, delicious in Decay.  
 And, tho' unwelcome, came a constant *Guest*,  
 Daring, audacious, nor would bear Repulse.  
 In vain with Walls, and Bars, and folded Doors,  
 They strove to stop his Entrance ; for with Teeth,  
 As Razors keen, he'd gnaw his Passage thro',  
 And taste of Food, delicious without Cost.

But whilst this *Pest Malevolent* spread o'er  
 The gloomy Face of this Terrestrial Globe,  
 In thee, O *Cambria !* chief she tyranniz'd ;  
 For *Cheese*, thy *choicest Product*, tempting Smells,  
 And odorous, which the MICE, meer *Epicures*,  
 Not, as all other *Viands*, only taste,  
 Or lightly nibble, curious, delicate,  
 Dainty, not liking, but with greedy Eyes,  
 And greedier Teeth voracious, from the Morn  
 To Even excavate the solid *Mafs*,  
 And 'midst their *Eatables* prepare their *Dome*.

At this the CAMBRO-BRITONS vext, with Fury burn,  
 And Indignation. Madness, and deep Revenge  
 Tear their swoln Breasts. Their Eye-Balls fiery red  
 Appear, with glowing Vengeance, and Despair.  
 They fret, they fume, from *Cliff* to *Cliff* they rove  
 Wandring, impatient ; for these Passions, *Hate*,  
*Malice*, and *Discord* naturally shake  
 Their State of Mind ; and *Reason* never rules,  
 But *sensual Appetite* claims constant Sway.  
 Thus, prompted by their Rage, they doom their *Foe*,  
 With one Consent to Punishment condign :  
 But by what Means to apprehend *this Foe*,  
 And put in Execution their *Design*,  
 They know not, dubious ; for GRIMALKIN stern,  
 But trivial Aid (if any) cou'd afford.

Vain

Vain were their *Ambuscades*, her narrow Watch,  
And fly, and subtle Motions tow'rd's the Mouth  
Of the small *concave Dome* ; the Mouse secure,  
Fearless within the narrow Compass lies,  
Nor dreads her hostile Paws ; *Greater* than she  
By being *Less*. If haply he espies  
His *watchful Guardian* at his *narrow Port*,  
He soon sculks in, and thro' the *dark Recess*  
Runs winding, to GRIMALKIN's bulky, Paths  
Unpassable, impervious ; yet nor dares  
To peep Abroad, or new *Excursions* make,  
'Till his dire *Enemy* removes her *Camp*,  
And *Danger*, with her *Person*, disappears.

Thus whileom CAMBRIA (pardon the Compare)  
Baffled victorious CÆSAR ; when to his Arms  
Invincible BRITANNIA yielded, and  
Confest him *Lord Supreme*, him *Homage* paid.  
For thus each CAMBRO-BRITON strait repair'd  
To *craggy Hill*, or *lofty Mountain*, safe Retreat,  
Impregnable by *Nature*, not by *Art*.  
Thus, in the *conclave Cliffs* they sculk'd, they hid ;  
Midst of destructive Ruin safe, secure,  
And tho' of Conqu'ring thoughtless, yet disdain'd  
To be *o'ercome* ; nor were, tho' fled, *o'ercome*.  
At this pufft up, their GENEALOGIES  
In *Length prodigious* they produce, and boast  
Their *Land* unconquer'd, and their *Tongue* antique.

Thus when the Mouse long Time GRIMALKIN  
'scap'd  
Watchful, Death menacing, and *no* Relief,  
No Consolation from her Care was found ;  
Two HERALDS, by the *Nation's* strict Command,  
With awful Ceremony, and with Trumpets found,  
Proclaim a COUNCIL forthwith to be held  
In the remotest Part of all their Land,  
Where now St. DAVID's (once in high Renown)  
Her Title to a *Bishoprick* deplores  
Deficient, *Shadow* of what once she was.  
The *Summons* heard, the SENATE hither came,  
With *Hundreds*, and with *Thousands* on their Way



Attended, who with *sulph'rous Scent* the Place perfum'd.

When strait a SENATOR with *Conic Beard*,  
In Length prodigious, Philosophic, and  
With Hands by *fowl Disease* scab'd o'er, all rough,  
To Sight ungrateful, stammering in his Speech,  
Midst of the GRAND AUDIENCE thus began.

'Tisn't 'cause open War, or Foreign Pow'r  
Infects us, that we're here in Council met ;  
But what's more dangerous, a Domestic Foe.  
Shall then, my Friends, my Countrymen, shall then  
A haughty, insolent MOUSE the Tyrant play  
For ever unoppos'd, to CAMBRIA's Shame,  
And constant Obloquy ? Let Us, on whom  
Our Country's future Woe or Bliss depends,  
With Force united, and with Arms essay  
To disenthroned this proud Usurper, and  
Compose our present Evils ; then, while the Name  
Of Great CADWALADER on Cambrian Hills  
In Lays harmonious is sung, or pip'd,  
Shall this Day's Work be trumpeted by Fame.

He ended frowning, and before their Eyes  
Producing various Fragments, the Remains  
Of an old Mouldy Cheese the Mouse had eat,  
Added new Fuel to their Flames ; and now  
Desire of quick Revenge, and pleasing Praise,  
Move 'em alternately : Each does devise  
Unheard of Torments, of all Terms of Peace  
Thoughtless, should Terms of Peace be sought.

BUT ONE, Ycleped TAFFY, soon up rose,  
Great CAMBRIA's chiefest Pride, who seem'd alone  
For Dignity compos'd, and high Exploit ;  
Both *Vulcan*, and a Senator, whose Tongue  
Dropping down *Manna*, charming to the Ear,  
With soft, persuasive Accent thus began.

If CHEESE, most NOBLE PEERS, our Nation's Boast,  
Should be by this intestine Foe destroy'd,  
I dread the Consequence ; the poorer Sort  
Inevitably must one Meal forego,  
And You one dainty Course (Afflictions great  
Which O ye Gods avert ! ) Then here he paus'd :

(For

(For Grief had stopt the Organs of his Speech)  
But soon recovering, his *Discourse* renew'd.

Since therefore, nor the Dint of Cambrian Arms,  
Nor sharp GRIMALKIN's Paws avail, I'll try  
What my Right Hand, my Art can do, t'expel  
Mine, and, to me what's more, my Country's Foe.

He scarce had finish'd, when such Murmur fill'd  
The Crowd, as when the Woods, and Rocks retain  
The Sound of blust'ring Boreas : Such Applause  
Was heard as TAFFY ended : All demand  
To know this *New Invention*, Instrument  
Of promis'd Joy to them, to MICE of Woe.

TAFFY some Time deliberating sat,  
Scratching his *Pericranium* (Custom old,  
Approv'd expedient, when in pensive Mood  
The CAMBRO-BRITON sits, and deep in Thought)  
Smiling Majestick, full as *Delphian Priest*,  
To all the PEERS on either Hand thus spake.

Last Night, when tir'd with Work and Thought, I lay  
Coucht on my matted Bed, and gentle Sleep  
With soft Oppression seiz'd my drowzed Sense ;  
A bold presumptuous MOUSE, by frequent Scent  
Of toasted Cheese invited, strait approacht  
My Mouth wide-gaping, and with agile Leap  
Rush'd down my Throat impetuous, and within,  
Plund'ring my Magazine of all her Store,  
Alarm'd, I suddenly awoke ; mean while  
The MOUSE, conscious of Guilt, with equal Speed  
Retir'd, and passing by those hostile Guards,  
Now watchful, was surpriz'd betwixt their Points,  
And left his Breath with gushing Blood effus'd.  
Thus then instructed that our common Foe  
Might be imprison'd, and his Power restrain'd ;  
Thoughtful of what had happen'd, I resolv'd  
T' exert my Skill Vulcanian, and compose  
(As Fancy shou'd suggest) a Murd'rous TRAP.  
(O Wond'rous ! With what constant, steady Care  
Does the Right Hand of the dread Thund'rer JOVE  
Manage all Secrets ! ) Thus the silly MOUSE,  
Prime Cause of all our Misery and Woe,

*To his own Ruin, and Perdition sure,  
First Remedy prescrib'd with good Effect:  
Nor scorn Instruction, tho' from one so mean,  
'Tis worthy Praise to learn ev'n from a Foe.*

He said; departing, all the fav'ring Crowd  
With deaf'ning Shouts return'd him loud Acclaim,  
Wishing him all Success, elate with Joy.

Th' *Assembly* thus broke up, each to his Home  
Repairs lithsom, and to his GODS relates  
TAFKY's Emprize; and whilst they invoke  
Their Aid on his Behalf, (if Fame lye not)  
With more than usual Mirth GRIMALKIN skipt,  
Winding her Tail in many a Wreath, careless,  
Unmindful of her Food, or by Presage,  
Or Instinct, thoughtful of far happier Days.

TAFKY, mean time, with busy Thought intent  
On this GREAT WORK, by divine PALLAS' Aid,  
Erects a MOUSE-TRAP wond'rous to behold.

Now fail me not, O *Muse*! who thee implores  
Submissively for Aid, while I describe  
This Artificial FABRICK, Godlike WORK.

Its *Zenith*, and its *Nadir* was compos'd  
Of Wood form'd Quadrate; on each Side  
A Row of strong retentive Wyre: The *Dome*  
Stood (as it were) on various Pillars propt.

The treacherous Entrance lay wide ope, to Mice  
Seemingly hospitable, but o'er Head  
The Door hung ticklish, menacing or Death,  
Or strict Confinement. In the Midst there stood  
A *Column* rais'd up forky, on whose Top  
A *Beam*, Lath-like lay cross, whose utmost Points  
Stretch'd equal Distance both Ways: One deprest,  
The other does the Door contiguous uplift.  
Within, from the House-Top, a *Wyre* hangs down  
Dangling, the Sport of every Wind, or Touch,  
Whose lower Part, crooked like Fish-hook, held  
The Bait sweet-scenting, and whose topmost Point  
Toucht lightly the *thin Beam*; which, when the  
Mouse

Unwary, nibbling, moves it, strait lets go,

Claps

Claps down the Door, and holds *her* *Captive* bound.

Thus all compos'd, and order'd, TAFFY soon  
Baits the deceitful Hook, and makes ev'n *Food*,  
Preservative of Life, the Means of Death.  
But first, to make it more delicious, and to MICE  
More grateful, odoriferous, *Toasts* it well.

Darkness now rising, and from End to End  
Night's Hemisphere veiling th' Horizon round,  
And timely Dew of Sleep with slumb'rous Weight  
Closing his Eye-Lids ; at his Head he fixt  
His *Guardian* MOUSE-TRAP ; so secure, repos'd.

Mean Time the jovial MICE (a turbulent Rout)  
Dance up and down presumptuous, trusting  
To the dark Covert of th' opacous Night.  
When on a sudden their great CHIEFTAIN snuffs,  
Scenting the *Cheese*, and under Planet born  
Malevolent, makes towards the hostile TRAP.  
At first the *Lattice* barr'd his Way ; enrag'd,  
Not able to endure so base Repulse,  
Wrinkling his Nose, from Place to Place he hies,  
And by sagacious Beard explores the Door :  
And now th' irremiable Threshold past, possess'd  
Of what he wish'd, devours the fatal Bait.

TAFFY, the joyous Sound o'er-hearing, which the  
Door

High pendant, clapping down, had made, arose  
Triumphant, and with winged Speed prepar'd  
To welcome to his TRAP his unknown *Guest*.  
And now th' imprison'd Mouse with Fury burns  
And deep Despair ; between the distant Bars,  
With Force impetuous runs his frantick Head,  
And with contracted Brow attacks the Wyre,  
Implacable, and impotent to bear  
His mighty Grief : So when the grisly *Boar*  
Once sees himself beset, in Toils endos'd,  
He whets his Tusks, he looks aghast, he frets,  
Erects his Hide, and foaming churns the Ground.

Soon as to re-salute the World with Light  
*Leucothoe* wak'd, and with fresh Dews embalm'd  
The Earth, the CAMBRO-BRITONS quit their Mounts,

ALL

All conscious of the News, with winged Speed.

For now the Ass his Gravity forgetting,  
Wanton, lascivious as the Goat, ascends  
The Mountains, on whose Top he brays,  
Wide-gaping, imitating *Cambrian Herald*,  
And *Thrice* proclaims aloud Great T A F F Y 's Name,  
And to his Friends, high pleas'd, the General Joy.  
Sounds ominous, the O W L at Midnight flying,  
Thro' every Town, with Beak uncomly bent,  
Screams out to M I C E the Trump of doleful Doom.  
The Hills brought forth, the CAMBRO-BRITONS flockt  
In Numbers numberless from every Place,  
From *Pembrook*, *Merioneth*, and *Merlins Walls*,  
*Glamorgan's* fruitful Soil, and from the Banks  
Of *Vaga's* lucid Stream, and from the Mount  
Of *Gomer*. When in a circular Form  
The Crowd promiscuous stood, T A F F Y produc'd  
His *Captive*, and insulting, thus began.

*In vain thou strugglest, thou by Fate art doom'd*  
*My Victim; On my Altar shalt thou burn:*  
*Thy Blood, shall here be spilt, Memorial*  
*Of our Nation's Joy. All Hopes are vain,*  
*All Flight th' inexorable Door denies.*  
*Thou shalt have Torments equal to thy Crimes,*  
*(If possible) ——— Not Sylphus's Toil,*  
*Not all Ixion's Pangs, when on the Wheel,*  
*Dire Consequence of Tatling, nor the Smart*  
*Prometheus felt on Caucasus, or huge*  
*Gigantic Tytius, when with Thunder struck,*  
*Shall stand in Competition with thy Woe.*

He scarce had finish'd, when from *Sunny Top*  
Of that same *Dome* GRIMALKIN leapt, where oft  
She lay in lazy Mood, stretcht out at length.  
The *Captive*, spying his *Foe* advancing stern,  
His Ears erects, his crooked Back humps up,  
Nor dares to make Excursion; most secure  
In his once hated Prison-Walls, he hugs  
His pleasing Chain, 'till by main Strength of Arm  
Oblig'd to quit his Hold, GRIMALKIN's Paws  
Salute him roughly, struggling to escape.



No Truce on any Terms is granted, she her Joy,  
By waving of her flexile Tail declares,  
And wanton Leap : Now on the Ground supine,  
Sedulous, she eyes the Mouse ; now gently pats  
Her Neck with her clentcht Claws, pretending Love,  
While in her Heart she meditates Revenge ;  
Thus *Triumphs* barbarous, and the *Tyrant* plays.  
Now she with Sporting tir'd, her inward Rage  
No more dissembling, whets her fatal Teeth,  
And like a *Lion* falls upon her *Prey*,  
Grumbling, with Hunger pincht, and Limb from Limb  
Divides, obdurate, Merciless, the trembling Mouse.

Whilst now the joyous *Populace* behold  
The wisht-for End of their *Intestine* *Foe*,  
With loud Acclaim they rend the vaulted Skies ;  
And *Eccho* Speechless, but when others speak,  
Catching their Voice, well pleas'd, returns the Sound.  
*Plinlimmon's* Hills, and *Snowdon's* lofty Mounts,  
And *Brechin's* and the Ditch of *Offa* join  
In *Chorus*, to compleat the *General* *Joy*.

Thou *TAFFY* shalt for ever live, thy Name,  
Thy Genius all-excelling, on *Record* shall stand :  
Ev'n now, each *CAMBRO-BRITON*, solemnly  
One Day in the revolving Year observes,  
Of thee Memorial, and thy great Exploits ;  
And, in their *Country's* Honour, crown their Brows  
With odoriferous, never-fading *L E A K*.

F I N I S.



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FAMILIAR LETTERS,  
O N  
Various SUBJECTS,  
I N  
PROSE and VERSE.



By Mr. BELLAMY.



Printed in the Year M D C C X X I I I .

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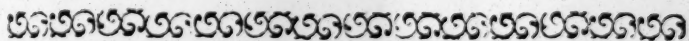
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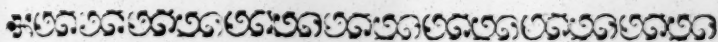
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# FAMILIAR LETTERS, &c.



## LETTER I.



The *Author* to Mrs. BELLAMY.

### On EDUCATION.



SINCE the *Education* of Young Ladies is a *Concern* of the last Importance, and a *Charge* on which their future Happiness or Misfortune very much depends; and since for some Years past, a *considerate* Number of the Fair Sex have been entrusted to your *Care* and *Conduct*; I think my self under an *indispensable* Obligation to contribute, to the utmost of my Power, towards your *Ease* and *Success* in so *laborious*, and *laudable* an *Employment*.

AND



AND One of the best Means, that I can think of, to attain that End, is to reduce into *Writing* your own *Sentiments* on the *Art* you *profess*, and give your *Young Ladies* an Opportunity to *read*, and *reflect* on the *Precepts* (which as Occasion offers) you recommend to their Practice by *Word of Mouth*.

I SHALL make it the principal Business therefore of *this Letter*, to lay before them some *short Hints* on *Education in General*, by way of Introduction to the *few Rules* I intend hereafter to prescribe, for the Regulation of their future Deportment.

YOU are very sensible, *Madam*, that *Children* are like *precious Diamonds*, which (tho' they bring *innate Perfections* along with them into the World) at first lie buried under a *rough* and *unpolish'd Form*; and the more valuable the *jewel*, the more *Art* and *Judgment* is requisite, to make it shine in its full Lustre.

A *Natural Vivacity*, and *sprightly Genius* therefore will avail but little, without some *prudent Guide* to direct and improve them. The most *beautiful Garden* will soon grow *wild* and *irregular*, soon lose its *original Uniformity* and *Perfection*, without some *skilful Hand* to dress and prune it.

OUR *Minds*, as well as our *Bodies*, are easily distorted, and turn'd out of their proper Biass. The *Faculties of the Soul*, tho' naturally good, very often degenerate, and *Vice*, as well as *Virtue*, may by Application be acquir'd.

THE *Young Lady*, that is so unhappy as to receive her *first Instructions* from an *unskilful Teacher*, is farther from *Improvement*, than if she had never began; because all the *false Steps* she has taken must be first corrected, before she can be on a Level with her, who never learn'd at all. As the *Traveller*, when he has lost

lost his Road, is farther from his Journey's End, than if he had never set out, and very often is oblig'd to return to the Place from whence he came, to get within his Knowledge.

ALL *Habits* are very soon contracted, and the most difficult Things in Nature (when acquir'd) to be remov'd. *Mistakes* in Education, like *Errors* of the first Concoction, carry too often an incorrigible Taint along with them, and are apt to have too strong an Influence over us, thro' the whole Course of our Lives.

A YOUNG and tender *Plant*, tho' *straight* at first, will easily bend, and grow irregular beyond Recovery, if too long neglected; whilst another as young, tho' naturally *crooked*, may, by due Care, and slow Degrees, be brought to its proper Shape.

MUCH indeed may be said in respect to the *different Air*, and *Climate* of the Country, in which Children are brought up, and 'tis certain the *natural Influence* they jointly have over their *Genius*, as well as *Constitution*, is too powerful to be conquer'd by the *Art* of the most *accurate Teacher*. But as our *English Youth* are so happily situated, neither too near, nor too distant from the Sun, I shall not trouble you here with the ill Consequences that attend the two *Extremes*.

'TIS without Doubt one of the greatest Blessings of human Life, to be born in *those Parts* of the World where *Wisdom* and *Learning* flourish. However, it must be confess'd, there are too many *illiterate Persons* among our *own Natives*, who are but one Degree above the *Brutes*, and exactly answer Mr. Dryden's beautiful Character of a *Country Clown*.

*He trudg'd along unknowing what he sought,  
And whistled as he went for want of Thought.*

WE rise above one another in the Esteem of the World by different Degrees of Perfection, proportion'd to the *Want*, or *Advantage* of a *liberal Education*. *Nature* has drawn our *Out-Lines*, but 'tis *Art* that must touch us up to an *Elegancy*, and there are but few *Pieces* among us, that are perfectly *finish'd*. We have not all *Capacities* alike, and our *Temper* and *Genius* are as various as our *Features*.

THE *Oeconomy* therefore of a wise and prudent *Mistress*, is in nothing more conspicuous, than in her *Demonstrations* of *Indulgence* and *Resentment*, proportion'd to the *natural Dulness*, or *Vivacity* of those under her *Direction*.

BY this *prudent Penetration*, the *Sprightly* and *Active* are kept within due Bounds, and the *Slow* and *less Comprehensive* no ways fright'ned or discourag'd. Without it, they, whose *Capacities* are susceptible of any *Impressions*, are apt by a *partial Encouragement* to spend their *Fire* too soon, and, like *early Fruit*, in great Danger of being *blasted* before they are *ripe*; whilst the *Heavy* and *Inactive*, by a *rigorous* and *severe Correction*, take an *Antipathy* to *Learning*, and are only *hardned*, and *confirm'd* in their *Stupidity*.

THIS, *Madam*, is an *Art* in *Education*, which, I think I may say without a *Complement*, you perfectly understand; and the *great Improvement* you have made in your *School*, by the *constant Practice* of it, is an undeniable Argument of the *Value* and *Importance* of such a *discerning Spirit*.

THAT your *Labours*, for the Service of the *Fair Sex*, may be always attended with Success, and that the *Young Ladies*, now under your *Direction*, may hereafter be oblig'd to acknowledge, that, next to the *Indulgence* of their *Parents*, they owe their *Happiness* to

to the *Care* and *Conduct* of their *Mistress*; and that for the *Credit* of the One, and the *Satisfaction* of the Other, they may become *shining Examples* of *Virtue* and *good Manners*, is the sincere Wish of,

M A D A M,

*Your Most Affectionate Husband,*

D. BELLAMY.



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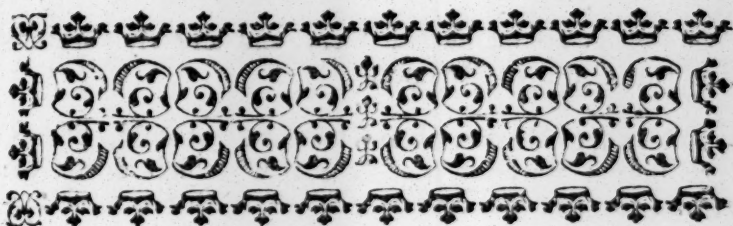
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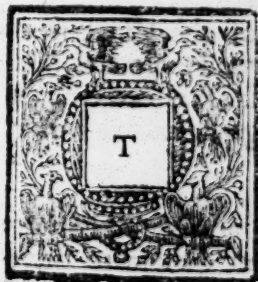
## LETTER II.



The *Author* to the *Young Ladies*,  
under the *particular Care* and  
*Direction* of Mrs Bellamy, and  
Mrs. Wood.

### On RELIGION.

YOUNG LADIES,



H O' a modest Aspect, a fine  
Shape, and a decent Deportment  
are no common Charms, and will  
always be the Objects of Admi-  
ration ; yet those personal Per-  
fections are very deceitful, very  
uncertain, and of short Dura-  
tion.

THERE is nothing so glorious in the Eyes of Man-  
kind, nothing so valuable and ornamental to human  
Nature,

Nature, as an unaffected Piety, and an early Concern for the Cause of Religion.

MORAL Virtues themselves are but cold, lifeless, and insipid without it. 'Tis that which opens the Mind to great Conceptions, fills it with the most sublime Ideas, and warms the Soul more than sensual Pleasures.

DIVINE Worship is that which distinguishes us from the Brutal Part of the Creation, more than, that Ray of the Divinity, our Reason it self. For they frequently discover some Affinity to the one, but in no one Action whatsoever betray the least Resemblance to the other.

THE natural Bent and Inclination of the Mind to Acts of Devotion, its immediate Flight to some superior Being for Help in Time of Need, its grateful Acknowledgments to its invisible Guardian for Protection in Times of Danger, and the universal Consent of all Nations, that true Felicity and Adoration are inseparably connected, plainly demonstrate that Religion is agreeable to the Light of Nature as well as Reason, and flows from an Instinct implanted in the Soul it self.

IN short, Religion (consider'd in no other Light, than as it interposes in the Affairs of this Life, as it consults the Harmony and Order of the Universe, as it inspires the noblest Sentiments, and animates Mankind to Actions truly great, and Praise-worthy in themselves) deserves the highest Regard, and is worthy of the most profound Veneration.

REJECT therefore, with the utmost Abhorrence and Detestation, whatever you hear spoken to depreciate it, and look on such as the Bane of Society, and the profest Enemies of Mankind, who endeavour to laugh you out of it, and represent it only as the whimsical

fical Chimæra of a few designing Priests and Politicians, to keep the World in Awe.

NEVER be aſham'd of acting up to your Reaſon, nor bluſh to be ſurpris'd in the Practice of thoſe Duties, for the Performance of which you were principally ſent into the World. Such a baſhful Modeſty would be an Argument of the loweſt Poverty of Spirit, the moſt abject State of Mind, be vicious to the laſt Degree, and a Diſgrace to human Nature.

MAKE then the Study of the Sacred Scriptures your daily Practice, and principal Concern; and embrace the Doctrines contain'd in them, as the Oracles of Heaven, and the Dictates of that Spirit which cannot Lie.

As to thoſe Truths, which are wrap'd up in Clouds, and too dark and myſterious for human Comprehension, be not over curious in your Enquiries after them; but let their Revelation be your ſufficient Conviction, and teſtify your Aſſent by an humble and implicit Acquieſcence. Your Want of Knowledge in abſtruſe Speculations will never be a Bar to your future Felicity, and an habitual good Intention is what the Father of Mercies principally regards.

THE Commands of Heav'n (in the Obſervance of which Religion principally conſiſts) are very plain, and obvious to the meaneſt Underſtanding, and are nothing elſe but Exhortations to Love, and Directions for ſocial Happineſs.

IF therefore you maintain a perfect Friendſhip and Harmony with your Neighbour; look down with an Eye of Pity and Compaſſion on the Sorrows and Miſfortunes of your Fellow-Creature; if you exerciſe your Patience and Forbearance towards thoſe who injure and oppreſs you; if you treat with Indulgence and Humanity all thoſe, who differ in Opinion, and  
diſſent

dissent from you ; if you honour your Parents ; pay a just Deference and Submission to your Teachers and Superiors ; and a strict Obedience to the Laws of your Country ; if, in short, your Charity and Benevolence extends to all Mankind, and even to the Brute Creation ; your Life will be one continued Scene of Calmness and Serenity, and your Death a sure Removal into everlasting Glory : Your Names will be transmitted down with Honour to latest Posterity, and the following exalted Character, of an eminently virtuous and devout Lady, long since deceas'd, will hereafter be your just Encomium.

*She practis'd here so much, that when she sprung  
Amidst the Choirs, at the first Sight she sung.  
Sung, and was sung herself in Angel's Lays,  
For praising her, they did her Maker praise.  
All Offices of Heav'n so well she knew  
Before she came, that nothing there was new.  
And she was so familiarly receiv'd,  
As One returning, not as One arriv'd.*

AND that you may all maintain the same familiar Intercourse with the great Author of your Beings, and live under so habitual and lively a Sense of an Hereafter, as to be able to look on your very Dissolutions with Joy and Pleasure, is the unfeigned Prayer of,

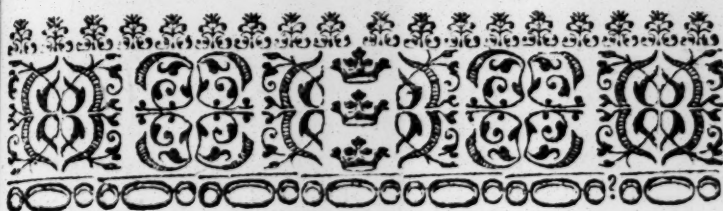
LADIES,

Your Most Oblig'd,

And Most Humble Servant,

D. BELLAMY.

LET.



## LETTER III.



The AUTHOR to the same *Young*  
LADIES.

*On* FEMALE ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

*Young* LADIES,



H O' your Sex are the favourite Works of Nature, and (as Mr. *Dryden* expresses it) the Porcelain Clay of Human-kind; yet your external Charms will prove but faint and spiritless, without the nobler Ornaments of the Mind to assist and improve 'em.

AN exact Symmetry and Proportion, soft Features, and a fine Complexion, like Colours artfully spread upon Canvas, entertain the Eye, but never touch the Heart. And she, who has no other Excellencies to boast of, may amuse as a Picture, but must never expect to triumph as a Beauty.

How



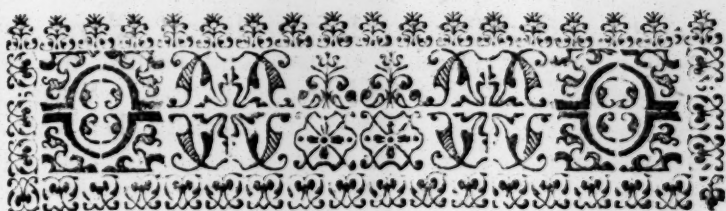
How much nobler is the Contemplation of that young Lady, whose natural Graces are heighten'd by Innocence, Virtue, and Good Manners! How irresistible are such Charms, and how insensibly do they steal on our Affections, whilst they become the Objects of our Observation!

BUT as all the Ideas Imagination can possibly entertain of the most accomplish'd Lady is compriz'd in the exalted Character of the fair *Antiope* (drawn originally in *French*, by that inimitable Author, the late Archbishop of *Cambray*) I shall close this short Epistle with that most beautiful and sublime Description. And as I find it translated to my Hands in the most advantageous Manner, I should think my self very vain in attempting to cloath it in any other Dress.

I SHALL take the Liberty therefore to lay this FINISH'D PIECE before you, in the Words of Mr. *Ozell*, and recommend it to your Perusal, as the noblest Pattern for your Imitation.



THE



T H E  
C H A R A C T E R,

O F T H E

V I R T U O U S and F A I R

*A N T I O P E,*

A L A D Y of the First Quality :

*As it is artfully introduc'd at the Close of the Twenty Second Book of the Adventures of TELEMACHUS, in a private Conference between that Young Prince, and his Guardian Goddess MINERVA, in the Shape of MENTOR.*

T E L E M A C H U S.



SHOULD I conceal from you, O my Dear *Mentor*, the Love I bear *Antiope*, the Daughter of *Idomeneus*, my Heart would continually upbraid me. What I feel on her Account is not an amorous Frenzy ; it is Judgment, it is Esteem, it is Persuasion. Oh ! how happy should

should I be in passing my Life with her! If ever the Gods restore my Father to me, and permit me to chuse a Wife, *Antiope* shall be the Person. What in her charms me is her Silence, her Modesty, her Reservedness, her assiduous Industry in embroidering and working of Wool, her Application in managing her Father's House since her Mother's Death, her Contempt of gaudy Apparel, her over-looking her own Beauty. When *Idomeneus* commands her to lead up the Dances of the young *Cretan* Maidens to the warbling Flutes, one would take her for a smiling *Venus*, she is attended with so many Graces: When he carries her to hunt with him in the Forest, she looks as majestic, and is as dextrous at handling the Bow, as *Diana* amidst her Nymphs; her self alone does not know it, while all the World admires it. When she enters into the Temples of the Gods, and bears the sacred Offerings on her Head in Baskets, one would think she were the very Deity that inhabits the Temple. With what Awe, with what Devotion have we seen her offer Sacrifices, and avert the Anger of the Gods when some Crime was to be expiated, or some dreadful Omen was to be deprecated! In short, when one sees her with a Company of her Women, holding in her Hand a Golden Needle, one would think *Minerva's* self were descended to Earth in a human Form, to inspire Men with curious Arts. She cheers up others to work; she renders Labour pleasant to them by the Sweetness of her Voice; when she sings the miraculous Stories of the Gods. She surpasses the most exquisite Painting by her delicate Embroideries. Happy the Man whom cheerful *Hymen* shall unite to her! He will have nothing to fear, but to lose her, and survive her. If another should enjoy her, I should pass the rest of my Days in Sorrow and Bitterness; yet I am unwilling to discover my Passion either to her, or to her Father; for I think I ought not to make a Declaration of it to any but you, till *Ulysses* reinitated on his Throne gives me his Consent.

MENTOR.

## MENTOR.

OH, *Telemachus* ! I approve your Choice. *Antiope* is gentle, plain-hearted, prudent ; her Hands despise not Labour ; she foresees Things at a great Distance ; she provides against Contingencies ; she knows how to be silent ; she acts regularly without a Hurry ; she is everlastingly employ'd, but never embarrassed, because she does every Thing in its due Season ; the good Order of her Father's House is her Glory ; it adds a greater Lustre to her than her very Beauty. Tho' the Care of all lies upon her, and she is charg'd with the Burden of Reproving, Refusing, Sparing, (Things that make all other Women hated) she has acquir'd the Love of all the Household ; and this, because they find not in her either Passion, Conceit, edness, Levity, or Humour, as in other Women. With the single Glance of her Eye they know her Meaning, and are afraid to displease her. The Orders she gives are plain ; she commands nothing but what may be perform'd ; she reproofs with Kindness, and, even amidst her Reprehensions, she finds room to give Encouragement to do better : Her Father's Heart reposes it self upon her, as a Traveller, fainting under the Sun's sultry Rays, reposes himself upon the tender Grass, beneath a shady Tree. *Antiope*, O *Telemachus*, is a Treasure worthy to be sought for, even in the most remote Regions : Her Mind is never trimm'd, any more than her Body, with vain gawdy Ornaments ; her Fancy, tho' full of Life, is restrain'd by her Discretion ; she never speaks but when there is an absolute Occasion ; and when she opens her Mouth, soft Persuasion and genuine Graces flow from her Lips. The Moment she begins, every Body else is silent, which throws a bashful Confusion into her Face ; she could find in her Heart to suppress what she was about to say, when she perceives she is so attentively

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listen'd

listen'd to. You may remember, O *Telemachus*, when her Father one Day made her come in, how she appear'd with her Eyes cast down, cover'd with a large Veil, and spoke no more, than just enough to moderate the Anger of *Idomeneus*, who was going to inflict a rigorous Punishment upon one of his Slaves. At first she took part with him in his Trouble, then she calm'd him, at last she intimated to him what might be alledg'd in excuse of the poor Wretch, and without letting the King know that he was transported beyond due Bounds, she inspir'd into him Sentiments of Justice and Compassion. *Thetis*, when she sooths old *Nereus*, does not appease with more Sweetness the raging Billows. Thus *Antiope*, without assuming any Authority, and without taking Advantage of her Charms, will one Day manage the Heart of a Husband, as she now touches her Lute, when she would draw from it the most melting Sounds. Once again, I tell you *Telemachus*, your Love for her is well grounded; the Gods design her for you; you love her with a rational Affection, but you must wait till *Ulysses* grants her to you. I commend you for not having discover'd your Sentiments to her; but know, that if you had taken any By-Methods, to let her know your Designs, she would have rejected them, and ceased to have a Value for you; she will never promise herself to any one, but will leave herself to be dispos'd of by her Father: She will never take for her Spouse a Man, that does not fear the Gods, and who does not acquit himself of all the Duties that are incumbent upon him. Come, let us go, *Telemachus*, let us go to *Ithaca*; there remains now nothing more for me to do, but to bring you to your Father, and to put you into a Condition to obtain a Bride worthy of the Golden Age. Were she a Shepherdess on the frosty Mount *Algidas*, as she is a Daughter of the King of *Salentum*, you would be the happiest of Men in the Enjoyment of her.

THAT



THAT you may All, inspir'd by a generous Emulation, endeavour to copy after this bright Original, and in time merit the same Encomium, is the sincere Wish of,

LADIES,

*Your Most Oblig'd,*

*And Most Humble Servant,*

D. BELLAMY.



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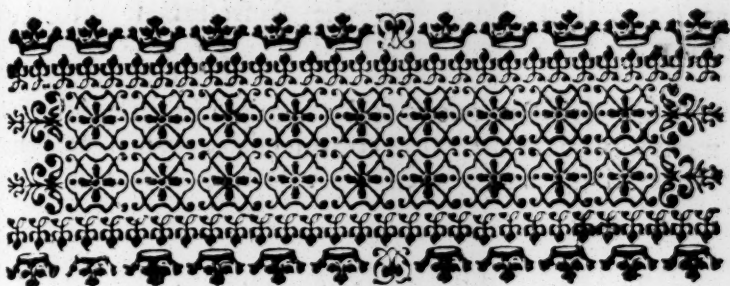
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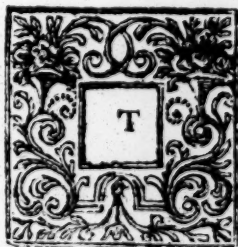
## LETTER IV.



The AUTHOR to the same *Young*  
LADIES.

On INNOCENT RECREATIONS.

YOUNG LADIES,



HO' Indolence and Sloth are the greatest Dishonour to human Nature, the Dream of Life, and the fatal Inlet to all Misfortunes, and tho' Diligence and Application are their direct Opposites, and the only Means to great Attainments; yet the Mind cannot bear to be always upon the Stretch, and 'tis as absolutely necessary to find out proper Employments for it in its Relaxations,

as convenient Food for the Refreshment of the Body.

THE Fair Sex ought to be indulg'd in little Amusements, which are very commendable when us'd in Moderation, and chosen with Prudence and Discretion.

THERE are some Diversions indeed, which, tho' not hurtful in themselves, may be fatal in their Consequences, and ought as much as possible to be avoided. And GAMING in my Opinion may justly come under this Denomination, as it has little to recommend it but that it is fashionable, and that Persons of the highest Distinction too closely pursue it.

A CIRCLE of Young Ladies can never surely appear in a more disadvantageous Light, than round a Card-Table, where, for whole Evenings together, a few Game-Phrases make up all their Conversation, and a few colour'd Spots, rang'd in different Figures, are all their Ideas.

How much more agreeable, more useful an Amusement to the Fair Sex, would be the Conversation of a discreet and virtuous Friend! Time so spent would unbend their Minds in the most delightful Manner, strengthen their Virtues, allay their Passions, and find Employment for most of their vacant Hours.

WHAT ill Consequences might possibly arise from a frequent Indulgence of Youth in Theatrical Diversions, considering the too great Liberties which are sometimes taken there, is hard to determine: But was the Stage under proper Regulations, I should think there could be no Entertainments more rational, and more improving.

THERE are indeed many other Amusements, which are very allowable, and which we ought rather

ther to multiply, than suffer the Mind to lie idle, and be expos'd to every Passion that may otherwise arise to disturb it.

WALKING and Dancing are Exercises that add Strength and Activity to the Limbs, and Health and Sprightliness to the whole Body; Musick and Painting polish the Mind, and refine the Taste.

BUT of all the Diversions of Life, there is no one more entertaining, no one that fills up its empty Spaces more agreeably, than READING.

As therefore there are many Books extant, too favourably receiv'd, that are very dangerous Amusements, very immoral and immodest, I hope 'twill be an acceptable Service to my Fair Readers, to recommend to their Choice a small Collection very chaste, and very useful. And as such an Attempt is a Concern of no small Importance, and requires a discerning Judgment, I shall not wholly depend upon my own, but shall take the Liberty to transcribe some of Dr. Hicks's Thoughts on this Head, which he has address'd to the Ladies in the Postscript to his *Instructions for the Education of a Daughter*.

I SHALL make bold indeed to make some little Variations, and introduce a few Authors, which, in my Opinion, are equally pleasant and improving.

### *The Young Ladies LIBRARY.*

IT must be acknowledg'd, (says my Author) that there is not less Difficulty in chusing good Books to busy one's self withal in Solitude, than good Friends to entertain one in Conversation. Those which I would recommend to a young Lady, next to the Holy Scriptures, are, *The whole Duty of Man*; *The Lady's Calling*; and *The Government of the Tongue*; Mr. Nelson's



son's Companion for the Feasts and Fasts of the Church of England; and the *Meditations and Soliloquies* of St. *Augustine*. That when she approaches the solemn Assemblies, she may do it with that Understanding and Devotion which she ought, let her read *Comber* and *Bennet* upon the Liturgy. That she may read the Scriptures in her Closet with a greater Relish, let her peruse Mr. *Boyle's* Considerations on their Style. For Sermons, there is abundant Choice; tho' none more beautiful or plain, than Dr. *Tillotson's*. Let her not affect to read such as are too learned, or above her Capacity; and especially let her avoid all such as favour of a Party, and that may tend to fow her with Disputes, either Civil or Religious. For divine Poetry, I would recommend to her *Milton's Paradise Lost*, with Mr. *Addison's* most judicious and entertaining Remarks; Dr. *Blackmore's Paraphrase on Job*; and the *Davidides* of Mr. *Cowley*. For the more gay Part of Poetry, Mr. *Waller*, Mr. *Cowley's Mistress*, some Pieces of Mr. *Prior's*, and particularly his *Henry* and *Emma*; Mr. *Norris's Miscellany*, and Mr. *Watts's Hora Lyrica*. For Precepts of Morality, I would lay before her, Sir *Roger L'estrange's Seneca*, and his *Fables*; Mr. *Collier's Essays*, and his *Antoninus*, and some select Pieces of the *Tatlers* and *Spectators*. If she be curious, her Time will not be lost in turning over the best Histories; amongst which, I know none more entertaining, than my Lord *Clarendon*, on the *Rebellion*; and Dr. *Welwood's Memoirs*. For Novels, the *Adventures of Telemachus*, translated by Mr. *Ozell*; and *Don Quixot*, by Mr. *Mottoux*, Mr. *Congreve*, and others, are the only Pieces that I would offer to her. The Former, tho' written in Prose, is perhaps the most compleat Poem, that several Ages have produc'd, for the Subject and Disposition of it. The Latter, is the most severe, as well as the most pleasant Satyr on the Romantic Disposition of the *Spaniards* to Acts of Chivalry, and Atchievements very dangerous, and very ridiculous; for which the merry Author was oblig'd to fly his Country. For Plays, tho' there are too many unfit for a young Lady's Perusal;

usal; yet such as *Cato*, *Love and Empire*, *Tamerlane*, the *Mourning Bride*, the *Distress'd Mother*, *Phadra* and *Hippolitus*, and the *Conscious Lovers*, with many more, can never be read without Pleasure and Improvement. I have mention'd but a few Books, amongst many excellent in their Kind, because I would not have the LADIES distracted by too great a Variety of Reading. For a great Number of Books, unless for some few of extraordinary Capacities, is not only useless, but hurtful. Let them use these, as the Food of the Mind. They who are continually eating, do but heap together ill Humours: They who read too many Books, are commonly incommoded with a Confusion of Thoughts and Words. The Excess of the former debilitates the natural Heat; the Excess of the latter diminishes at length the Light and Vigour of the Spirit.

CONVERSE therefore, LADIES, but with a few, but let those few be excellent, and bridle all Curiosity for such, wherein you cannot become learned, without being in Danger of becoming vicious.

I am,

LADIES.

Your Most Oblig'd,

And Most Humble Servant,

D. BELLAMY.

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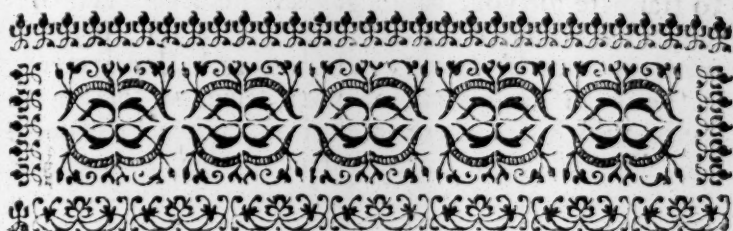
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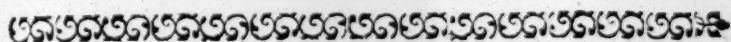
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# LETTER V.



The AUTHOR to the same *Young*  
LADIES.

On MARRIAGE.

YOUNG LADIES,



SINCE the Change of a single State into that of MARRIAGE is very hazardous, and since from your first Entrance into it, your Lives must be one continued Scene of Joy or Sorrow, and nothing but Death can dissolve the happy or unhappy Union, I shall close my

Directions with a short Treatise on that important Subject, written originally in *Latin* by the learned and facetious *Erasmus*, which I have taken the Pains  
to

to translate for you, as 'tis gay and innocent, and contains in it some of the best Precepts for the Advancement of mutual Love, and conjugal Endearments. If you can but prevail on your selves to follow the Rules which are there prescribed, when Providence shall allot you your future Partners, they'll, with the *fond Husband* in a Play of old *Haywood's*, look on you with Eyes full of Love and Admiration, and join with him in the following soft Reflection on his happy Condition.

*Oh, Marriage! Happiest, easiest, safest State ;  
 Let Debauchees and Drunkards scorn thy Rites,  
 Who, in their nauseous Draughts and Lusts, profane  
 Both thee and Heav'n, by whom thou wert ordain'd.  
 How can the Savage call it Loss of Freedom,  
 Thus to converse with, thus to gaze at  
 A faithful, beauteous Friend ?  
 Blush not, my Fair One, that thy Love applauds thee.  
 Nor be it painful to my wedded Wife,  
 That my full Heart o'erflows in Praise of thee.  
 Thou art by Law, by Interest, Passion, mine :  
 Passion and Reason join in Love of thee.  
 Thus through a World of Calumny and Fraud,  
 We pass both unreprouch'd, both undeceiv'd :  
 While in each others Interest and Happiness,  
 We without Art all Faculties employ,  
 And all our Senses without Guilt enjoy.*

THAT



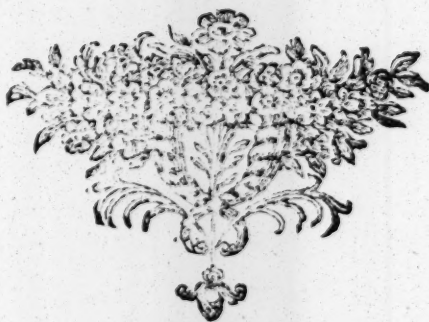
THAT you may All meet with such tender Husbands, and by your Care and Conduct merit their Indulgence, is the sincere Wish of,

LADIES,

*Your Most Oblig'd,*

*And Most Humble Servant,*

D. BELLAMY.



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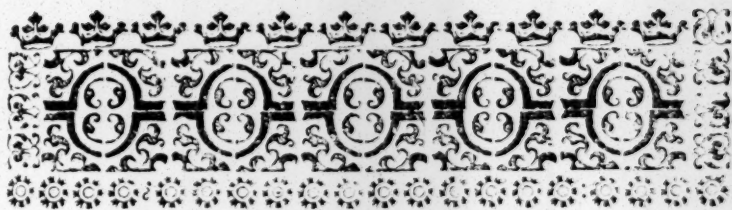
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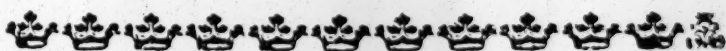
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T H E  
FAIR COUNSELLOR:  
OR, THE  
Young LADY'S CONDUCT after  
MARRIAGE.



A  
DIALOGUE,  
BETWEEN  
CHARLOTTE and OLIVIA.

*Charl.*



OOD Morrow, my Dear *Olivia*.

*Oliv.* The like to you, Dear *Charlotte*. Bless me! how you're alter'd! I protest you're a perfect Beauty!

*Charl.* Fie, Fie, *Olivia*, you should not railly your Friends.

*Oliv.* I speak my real Sentiments I assure you.

*Char.* Perhaps my new Gown becomes me. You like the Fancy then? 'Tis the newest Fashion.

*Oliv.* 'Tis extremely neat and pretty, and the Colour charms me. If I may be so free, *Charlotte*, who made you this noble Present?

*Char.* From whom should a virtuous Wife receive her Presents but her Husband?

*Oliv.* You are happy, *Charlotte*! Fortune has not so smil'd on me. Had I bestow'd my self on any thing but Sir *John*, —

*Char.* You don't repent, I hope, already?

*Oliv.* How should I do otherwise. *Charlotte*, do but survey me. Is this a Dress for a Lady? I am perfectly asham'd, my Dear, to appear in Publick. Every Tradesman's Daughter makes a better Figure.

*Char.* The true Ornament of a Wife does not consist, *Olivia*, in gaudy Dresses; but in a modest Behaviour, and the Imbellishments of the Mind. The loose Town Ladies indeed may study every Art to attract the Admiration of Fools: But a virtuous marry'd Woman is gay enough, if she can please her Husband.

*Oliv.* But my ungrateful Wretch, tho' so very saving at home, is lavish enough abroad. Drinking, Gaming, and Whoring are the Sum Total of his Account.

*Char.* Hush, good Words *Olivia*!

*Oliv.* 'Tis no better nor worse, *Charlotte*. And when after a long, tedious Expectation on my Part, he reels home between One and Two in the Morning, drunk as a Beast, he flings himself on the Bed, and entertains me either with the Musick of his snoring, or drowns me with a Flood of Claret; not to say more.

*Char.* Hold, Hold! You have been too open already, and said too much. Give me leave to tell you, you degrade your self in exposing your Husband's Frailties.

*Oliv.* Oh, *Charlotte*, he is a most intolerable Bed-fellow.

*Char.* And what Reception do you give him when he comes home in this Disguise? You scold, I presume.

*Oliv.*

*Oliv.* Ay, you may depend on't. He finds I have not lost my Tongue.

*Char.* And is he silent at the same time?

*Oliv.* No, no, he swears like a Bully of *Alsatia*.

*Char.* And does this Tongue-Battle never advance to Blows?

*Oliv.* Once the Storm grew so high, that I did expect them.

*Char.* Indeed!

*Oliv.* He brandish'd his Cane, and threaten'd me most violently.

*Char.* Didn't you dread the Thunder?

*Oliv.* Not I truly! I snatch'd up a Chair in my own Defence, and had he offer'd to touch me, he should have felt the Weight of it.

*Char.* A very pretty Shield I'll assure you, had you had but a Broom for a Launce!

*Oliv.* He should have found me as stout as an *Amazon*.

*Char.* After all, *Olivia*, there is no Conduct in all this.

*Oliv.* Don't tell me of Conduct. While he ceases to act as a Man, I shall never be persuaded to regard him as a Husband.

*Char.* Ay, but Remember what *St. Paul* says, *Wives be subject to your Husbands with all Reverence*. *St. Peter* too proposes *Sarah*, who call'd her Husband LORD, as a perfect Pattern of Obedience.

*Oliv.* You say right. But then that same *Paul* says, *Husbands love your Wives*. In short, *Charlotte*, let him play his Part as he ought, I won't be deficient in mine.

*Char.* But where things are so circumstantiated, that both can't bear the Sway, the Wife ought doubtless to submit. But tell me, *Olivia*, did he withhold his Hand, or did he really strike you?

*Oliv.* No; the Coward's Fears prevented him.

*Char.* But still I presume you scolded on.

*Oliv.* I did, you may take my Word for't.

*Char.*



*Char.* And how did he behave himself in the meantime ?

*Oliv.* Why, sometimes he'd seem to be asleep, sometimes pass by me with a careless Air, and disregard what I had said to him. Then again he would take down his old Bass Viol, with scarce a whole String to't, and make such a hideous Noise. —

*Char.* At which you grow impatient.

*Oliv.* So far, that I could tear his Eyes out.

*Char.* *Olivia*, Shall I be free with you ?

*Oliv.* As free as you please.

*Char.* You shall take the same Liberty with me. And this Right I think we may justly claim from the strict Friendship which has from our Infancy been preserv'd inviolable between us.

*Oliv.* 'Tis very true. And there is no one of my Acquaintance, I'll assure you, that I so sincerely love and respect as your self.

*Char.* Know then, tho' your Husband proves never so unkind or indiscreet, your State is unalterable. Formerly, indeed, upon a matrimonial Distast, the Thing call'd a Divorce was easily procur'd, and all was in *Statu quo*. But Authority has long ago abrogated that Custom. *For better for worse, till Death us do part*, is now the fatal Sentence.

*Oliv.* Our wise Masters took a wrong Step when they abolish'd that Law.

*Char.* Fie *Olivia*, fie, 'twas the Will of Heav'n.

*Oliv.* I can never believe it.

*Char.* 'Tis true tho' ; the best Expedient therefore that can at present be found is to endeavour after a mutual Peace and Harmony ; to contend which shall be most conformable.

*Oliv.* But shouldn't I endeavour to bring him to my Bow if I can.

*Char.* I can't tell what you call bringing him to your Bow ; but I am fully perswaded, the Husband's Extravagance is too often owing to the Wife's Indiscretion.

*Oliv.*

*Oliv.* It seems all things go smoothly on between you and yours.

*Char.* A perfect Calm.

*Oliv.* But was it always fair Weather from the Beginning?

*Char.* I can't say so. Some little Clouds have hung over our Heads; tho' we never had what you may call a Storm. All Men have their Humours, and every Woman, *Olivia*, has her Failings, which tho' they deserve our Observation, should never be the Objects of our Contempt.

*Oliv.* Very true.

*Char.* It often happens that Affections grow Cold between Man and Wife before they well know one another. Be very circumspect therefore in your Conduct at first. If once there is a mutual Dislike, 'tis a difficult Matter to make up the Breach, especially where the Quarrel arises to Reflections. A broken China Cup must never be moved when first 'tis glu'd. Let it stand till it is well dry'd, and it will be as strong as any of the Set. All possible Care therefore ought to be taken by the marry'd Couple, to confirm their first Union, and make it fix and settle; and the best means to attain this End is a respectful Deportment, and complacent Endearments; for the good Opinion Men have of us when founded only on our Beauty is seldom lasting.

*Oliv.* Pray oblige me with your Art of Management.

*Char.* I will; and let me recommend my Method to your Practice.

*Oliv.* Do so. And I'll pursue it, if possibly I can.

*Char.* There is no great Difficulty, if you are but willing. You're both young, and in a manner newly marry'd; so that it is not too late to begin.

*Oliv.* That's very true.

*Char.* I'll tell you then. But pray mind me.

*Oliv.* Most attentively.

*Char.* My first Care was always to appear before my Husband innocently gay, and perfectly good-humour'd. I study'd his Temper and Inclinations; watch-

ed

ed all his Motions, and observ'd what most pleas'd and most offended him. In short, I took the same Methods as your Keepers do with your Elephants, and Lions and other wild Creatures committed to their Care, that are not to be tam'd by Force.

*Oliv.* My hopeful Bargain is one of those wild Animals.

*Char.* Why will you interrupt me? Pray let me go on. No Man of common Prudence will appear before an Elephant in White, or a Bull in Red, because those Colours are their natural Aversion, and make them outrageous. The sound of a Drum or a Trumpet, I have heard, will so exasperate the Tyger, that he'll tear himself to Pieces. Your Jockies, when they break their Horses, speak them fair, stroke down their Mains, clap them on their Necks, and practise several little Arts to make them gentle, and correct their vicious Habits. How much rather ought we to study the Art of pleasing our Husbands, to whose constant Society, good or bad, we are fatally confin'd for Life?

*Oliv.* Proceed.

*Char.* These Things premis'd; I insinuated my self into his Favour, by avoiding every Thing that I thought would give him the least Disast.

*Oliv.* As how pray?

*Char.* First, In the Oeconomy of my Family (which indeed is a Wife's peculiar Province) I took Care not only to have Things done, but done according to his Fancy, even in the most minute Circumstances. For Example, suppose my Husband lov'd one Dish more than another, dress'd after this or that Manner, or his Furniture rang'd after this or that Order, his Will was always my Law.

*Oliv.* But could you be thus indulgent, *Charlotte*, to a Husband like mine, that's forever at the Tavern?

*Char.* Give me leave to speak, and I'll tell you: If I found my Husband indispos'd, or out of Temper, I never offer'd to divert him with wanton Smiles, or  
idle

idle Jests, but put on a grave and serious Look, suitable to his own. As a true Glass always reflects the Image of the Person that looks in it; so should a discreet Wife that of her Husband, whether exalted with Joy, or depress'd with Sorrow. If he happen'd to be angry, I either answer'd him in the softest Terms I could possibly conceive, or sat down in Silence till Reason had resum'd her Seat, and waited for a more favourable Opportunity for the Vindication of my Conduct. The same Methods I always took in Case he came Home in Drink. I entertain'd him with no Discourse, but what was gay and pleasant, and by all the little innocent Arts of Love and fond Endearments decoy'd him to his Bed.

*Oliv.* Passive Obedience, and Non-Resistance to every wayward Humour, *Charlotte*, is a hard Doctrine for us Wives who have fottish Husbands.

*Char.* As if there were not Faults on both Sides, and your Submissions were not mutual. We Women can put on our Airs sometimes, and our Husbands are forc'd to give way to them. There are proper Opportunities however for a Wife in a serious Way to expostulate with her Husband, in Affairs of Moment and Importance; but she ought not, in my Opinion, to dispute with him about Trifles. When she finds him cool, and free from all perplexing Thoughts, then is the Time, in the most endearing Language, and with all the Calmness imaginable, to argue the Case with him, or rather to beg of him, that he would make his Health, Fortune and Character the Objects of his more serious Consideration. Tho', as I said before, such Admonitions as these must be deliver'd in the softest Terms, or they'll never answer the End propos'd. I have often made a previous Apology to introduce such a Discourse. I have ask'd mine, If he would not take it amiss, should One so unfit to direct as I am, presume to offer my Advice, and think my self concern'd for his Honour and Interest. But in all these Cases I contrive to be as short as possible, and as soon as I have declar'd my Mind, drop the Discourte

course of my own Accord, and find out a Subject more entertaining. Our Sex, my Dear, are very apt to dwell too long upon such tender Topicks, which most undoubtedly is a great Fault. But take this Caution along with you, That you never engage in any controversial Points with your Husband before Company, or complain Abroad, of what's transacted at Home. A Quarrel, where there is no Eye-witness to it, is presently decided: But in Cases of Extremity, where the Provocations rise too high, and are of too heinous a Nature for a Woman to conceal or bear with Patience, good Manners will oblige her to disclose the unhappy Secret to his Friends or Relations, rather than her own, and shew by her modest Complaint, that her Husband's Vice, and not his Person, is the Object of her Grief and Resentment.

*Oliv.* There are but few Women, *Charlotte*, now a days such Stoic Philosophers.

*Char.* By such a prudent Conduct we lay our Husbands under an indispensable Obligation to treat us with equal Civility and Complaisance.

*Oliv.* But all the Indulgence in the World will have no Influence over some Men.

*Char.* I can't think so: But suppose 'tis Matter of Fact. Consider, Child, you are ty'd for Life, and let your Husband be as chagrin as he will, 'tis better to comply with his ill Usage, or by fair Means to make it tolerable, than to live in one perpetual Storm. Suppose I should produce Examples of some Husbands, who have reclaim'd their Wives by this gentle Method.

*Oliv.* My Spouse won't make one of the Number, I am sure.

*Char.* There is an intimate Friend of mine, a very ingenious and accomplish'd Gentleman, who marry'd, some few Years ago, a young Lady about sixteen Years of Age: She had a rural Education only, and never saw the Town. My Friend was mighty fond of one bred up in artless Innocence, thinking he should be able with less Trouble to form her to his Fancy. As  
soon



soon as they were marry'd, he recommended Musick  
 and Dancing to her, as Accomplishments absolutely  
 necessary, and very serviceable to her in her future  
 Conduct. As Miss had been always indulg'd in Ease,  
 was a Stranger to all refin'd Conversation, and had no  
 Taste for any other Amusement than romping amongst  
 her Father's Servants, she soon grew tir'd with her  
 new Master, prov'd very obstinate and perverse; and  
 when reminded of her Duty, would wish her self  
 dead, and weep to Excess. When my young Gentle-  
 man found she was not to be prevail'd on by Reason, and  
 that she had a natural Aversion to all Improvements, con-  
 cealing his Disatisfaction, he kindly invites her to spend  
 a Summer at her Father's. This Motion, you may  
 suppose, was very chearfully comply'd with. Soon  
 after their Arrival, my Friend takes an Opportunity to  
 ride out with the Old Gentleman, and leave his Spouse  
 with her Mother and Sisters. When they were in the  
 Fields, and alone, he tells him the whole Story, and  
 the real Occasion of his Visit; That he hop'd to have  
 been perfectly happy in the Possession of his Daugh-  
 ter, but that he met with an unexpected Disappoint-  
 ment; that she was deaf to all Persuasions, forever  
 in Tears, very restless, and making all that were round  
 about her as uneasy as her self; desires him to inter-  
 pose with his Fatherly Authority, and lend a helping  
 Hand towards her speedy Reformation. Sir, says the  
 Father, I have wholly resign'd her to your Govern-  
 ment, and if, after all your tenderest Endearments, you  
 still find her undutiful, you are welcome to take such  
 other Methods as you think most fit to force her Obe-  
 dience. Sir, replies the Son-in-Law, I am not igno-  
 rant of my Power, but am very unwilling to put it  
 in Execution. I love your Daughter, and desire to  
 have her brought to a Sense of her Duty by your Pa-  
 rental Admonitions and Authority, and not by my  
 Frowns and severe Treatment. About a Day or two  
 afterwards, the Father takes his Daughter into his Clo-  
 set, and with a stern Countenance charges her with  
 the Guilt of Ingratitude; tells her, that tho' she had so  
 little

little Merit, he had procur'd her, with the greatest Difficulty, one of the best of Husbands ; that she wasn't conscious of her own Happiness, and was unworthy to be his Servant ; that if she persisted in her Rebellion she should never see his Face again. Not to be tedious, the Old Gentleman grew so hot, that my Lady begg'd Pardon for her past Offences, and faithfully promis'd a future Amendment. Hereupon the Father cools again, accepts of her Submission, and assures her, as she comply'd with her Promise, she should find his Favour and Indulgence.

*Oliv.* I long methinks to hear the Conclusion.

*Char.* On this they parted. The Girl returns to her Husband's Chamber, finds him alone, asks Forgiveness in the most submissive Manner, and gives him repeated Assurances never to offend him more. He takes her in his Arms, salutes her, and engages to bury her past ill Conduct in Oblivion on those Conditions.

*Oliv.* But did she keep them ?

*Char.* With all the Exactness imaginable. Never was Woman more humble, during the Remainder of her Life : Her Husband's least Request was obey'd with all the Readiness and Pleasure imaginable. Some Years after this she publickly acknowledg'd her good Fortune in a Husband, and declar'd that of all Women she had been most miserable without him.

*Oliv.* Such Husbands as these, *Charlotte*, I presume, are like your Comets, seen but once in an Age.

*Char.* I'll give you now another Instance of an Adventure that happen'd but lately here in Town. — But I have dwelt too long on this Subject already. I fear I have been troublesome.

*Oliv.* Not in the least, my Dear, I could listen to your Stories all Day long. I'll assure you I think them very entertaining.

*Char.* You are very obliging, *Olivia*. — There is a Young Gentleman of no mean Birth or Fortune, (excuse my concealing his Name) whose favourite Diversion was Hunting. One Day, as he was warm in Pursuit

Pursuit of his Game, by Accident he met with a young Country Girl, very poor, but a perfect Beauty. The God of Love shot all his Fires into our Sportsman's Bosom at first Sight. He frequently paid his Visits at her Mother's homely Cottage, which he prefer'd to a Paace. DIANA was the Goddess he still paid his publick Court to, but VENUS was the secret Object of his Adoration. His Wife, a very discreet and accomplish'd Lady, jealous of her Husband's frequent Absence, in a short Time discovers the whole Intrigue. She takes a proper Opportunity to survey this Citadel of Love; tastes of their Drink; examines into their daily Diet; and finds no tolerable Furniture, no Conveniencies of Life, but all the visible Marks of the lowest Poverty and Distress. She returns Home, and in a Day or two after (in Pity and Compassion to their unhappy Circumstances) equips them with a Silk-Quilt, a Down-Bed, a Silver Tankard, Silver Spoons, Knives and Forks, and other useful Materials, and a curious cold Collation. These she delivers to the poor Old Woman, with a small Purse of Guineas, to enable her, when she saw the Young Gentleman again, to give him a more genteel Reception. She pretends to be the Lover's Sister, and under that Notion leaves her. Some few Days after this Transaction, the Husband steals out, and pays his Country Beauty another Visit. He gazes round about him, is surpris'd at the new Metamorphosis, and enquires with Concern into the Cause of his unexpected, and formal Entertainment. A Young Lady of Quality, they tell him, a Sister of his, whose Name they knew not, had supply'd them with those extraordinary Accommodations, and given express Orders to treat him after a more respectful Fashion. He says little, but, upon mature Deliberation, concludes his Wife the Person he stands indebted to for all these undeserved Favours. At his Return Home, he endeavours by artful and seemingly careless Questions, to sift out this important Truth. She ingenuously confesses all, and assures him she thought it her Duty, when his Inclination

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clination led him to such humble Amusements, to take Care that his Reception should be decent at least, tho' not suitable to his Character or Fortune.

*Oliv.* A meer patient Grizel! ——— Had he been my Husband, I should have thought a Bed of Nettles too soft for him.

*Char.* Hear however the Conclusion. The young Rover, reflecting on his Wife's Generosity, and his own Ingratitude, resolves on an immediate Reformation, and becomes the most fond, most constant Husband breathing. ——— I presume you know Sir George Airy.

*Oliv.* Perfectly well.

*Char.* He, you may remember, tho' a gay, fine young Gentleman, marry'd my Lady *Amstern*.

*Oliv.* Her Estate you mean.

*Char.* You love to rally. ——— Soon after Consummation, his Passion for my Lady, as she was past her Bloom, began visibly to abate, and the fair young *Lais* became her powerful Rival. He made her frequent and open Visits. In short he seldom supp'd or slept at Home. Let's hear, *Olivia*, how you would have shewn your Resentment on this Occasion?

*Oliv.* Why, I'd have torn all the Hair off the young Gipsy's Head, and have box'd my false Knight's Ears into the Bargain.

*Char.* Her Conduct however was just the Reverse. She gives this Beauty a kind Invitation to her House, and entertains her as her Bosom Friend, and faithful Companion. Thus, without any other Magic Charms, she attracts her Husband from the Tavern.

*Oliv.* For my Part, I'd die before I'd be my Husband's Pandar.

*Char.* But of two Evils chuse the least, *Olivia*. Isn't it more prudent, think you, to be thus submissive, than by opprobrious Language to provoke him to be more extravagant, and lay the Foundation of an everlasting Quarrel?

*Oliv.*

*Oliv.* Patience, *Charlotte*, is a Virtue I own; but on such an Account, I should never be endu'd with it.

*Char.* I'll trouble you but with one Instance more, and then have done. There's a next Door Neighbour of ours, one *Sir Toby Testy*, as honest, good natur'd Gentleman as lives, but a little too sanguine sometimes, and indiscreet in his Passion. Last Week, on some trivial Distast, he carry'd his Resentment so high as to Cane my Lady, a Gentlewoman of the most mild, most sweet Disposition I ever knew. Unable to bear with Patience so gross an Affront, she immediately retires into her Closet, and vents her Sorrow in a Flood of Tears. Her Husband soon after follows her, and finding her in that disconsolate Posture, Madam, says he, can't you bear to be spoken to, without crying like a Baby? Sir, she replies very discreetly, your Treatment has been very ungenerous, and deserves a higher Resentment. But I think 'tis more consistent with your Honour and my Love, to bemoen my unhappy Fate in Silence, than to expose you to the World by noisy, tho' just Reflections. This she utter'd with such an Air of Modesty and Concern, as quite melted down her Husband's Heart. He claps her in his Arms, with Ten Thousand endearing Protestations never to disoblige her more. Nor did he to his dying Day.

*Oliv.* My Husband can promise indeed as well as the best of them all, ———

*Char.* But not perform, *Olivia*, ha! ——— What then you are still up in Arms?

*Oliv.* Ay, and ever shall be I believe. Prithce, *Charlotte*, what wouldst thou have me do?

*Char.* Follow but my Advice, and if you prove unsuccessful, I'll be your Slave for ever. Take care that your House is neat and clean, and fit for his Reception. Let your Deportment be courteous and free, yet always within the Limits of that Respect and Esteem which is a Husband's undoubted Right. Be not too talkative, nor yet too silent, too wanton, nor

yet too coy. Let his Diet be well chosen, and well dress'd, and provide that for the Generality which you think will gratify his Appetite most. Be frequent in your Invitations of such Friends as you find he most regards. Receive them with Freedom and good Humour, and never be fearing in your Entertainments. If, when he has drank a little too freely, and is more pleasant and airy than ordinary, comply with his Humour, and be as gay as himself. If he plays you a Tune on his Viol, do you return the Obligation with a Song. By such easy and innocent Methods as these, you'll soon reclaim him, make him take Delight in his own House, and considerably retrench your Expences.

*Oliv.* Should I follow your Scheme, I fear I shall never make a Convert of him.

*Char.* Try but the Experiment, and if it fails, then let me bear the Blame for ever. ——— I'll go find your Husband out, and give him his Lesson.

*Oliv.* You'll oblige me extremely. But I wouldn't for the World be known to have a Hand in the Plot. Should he find it out, the House would be too hot to hold us.

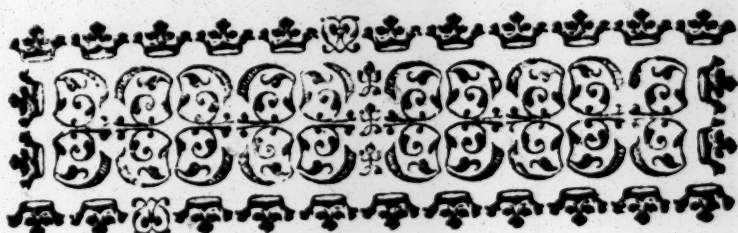
*Char.* I'll play my Cards to the best Advantage never fear. I'll order it so, if possible, that he shall introduce the Discourse himself, and give me the Detail of your unhappy Quarrels. I'll seem desirous to wave the unwelcome Subject, and in a careless Manner tell a Lye or two for once in your Favour, and let him know with what **Tenderness** and **Affection** I have heard you mention his Name.

*Oliv.* Success attend you.

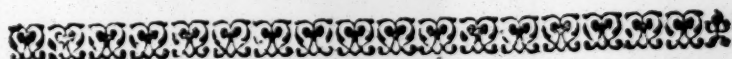
*Char.* I don't question it in the least, if you'll but play your Part. Till to Morrow, *Olivia*, Adieu.

*Oliv.* Your Servant, dear *Charlotte*, ADIEU.





## LETTER VI.



T O

*MONIMIA:*

O N H E R

H A P P Y R E C O V E R Y

F R O M T H E

S M A L L - P O X .

M A D A M ,



S timorous Sailors, when the Sur-  
ges beat,  
And rowse the Old Ocean from his  
calm Retreat ;  
When awful Thunder rowls along  
the Sky,  
Thoughtful of Death, with uni-  
versal Cry,  
And Tears unseigo'd to pitying Heav'n apply,

To

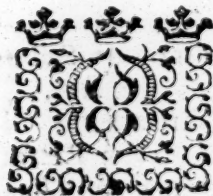
210 FAMILIAR LETTERS, &c.

To hush the Storm, the Wind's fierce Breath restrain,  
And free them from the Dangers of the Main:  
So when *Monimia's* Sickness reach'd my Ears,  
With suppliant Eyes to Heav'n I made my Pray'rs,  
And added to each Word my Sighs and Tears.  
I begg'd relenting Fate to grant your Cure,  
And not to blast a Form so fair, so pure:  
Nor vain have been my Pray'rs; you live to know  
How much you're lov'd above, how much ador'd  
below:

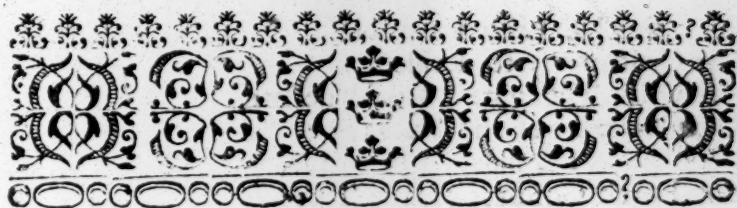
You live a bright, Angelic, charming Maid;  
Nor has the DEADLY ILL the Tyrant play'd,  
But an unusual Justice to your Beauty paid.  
Your lovely Eyes with double Lustre shine,  
And now wound ev'ry Heart, as well as mine.

So when the SUN withdraws his beauteous Rays,  
And for a while unseen with *Thetis* lays,  
Hides his fair Face, and brings in gloomy Night,  
Next Day he gathers up his scatter'd Light,  
Exerts each Beam, and shines more prevalently  
bright.

Unblasted Roses in your Cheeks appear,  
And out-blown Lillies spread their Glories there.  
That they might never fade I'd freely die;  
Proud such a Treasure at that Price to buy.  
So *Curtius* once into Earth's Bowels rode,  
And to his OWN prefer'd the PUBLICK GOOD.





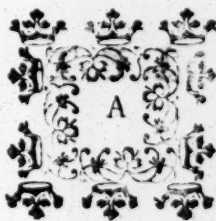


# LETTER VII.



T O  
**C H L O E:**  
 O N  
 Seeing her PICTURE  
 I N A  
**G A L L E R Y.**

MADAM,



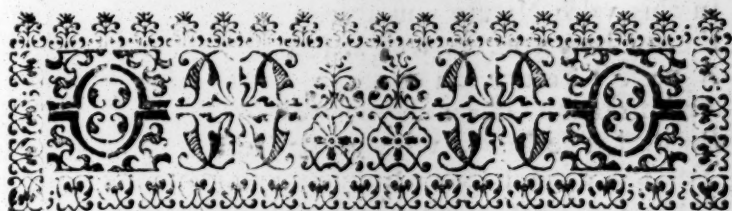
S in our Hemisphere  
 The Stars all glorious appear;  
 Still there are some the rest out-  
 shine.  
 So here all seem of Form divine:  
 Yet there are Graces which I view  
 More peculiarly in You.

Oh!

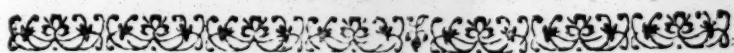
Oh! that like *Paris* I was bid  
The Controversy to decide:  
Freely my Thoughts I would declare,  
Tho' *Pallas* here, and *Juno* there.  
Thou *Venus* still should'st be to me,  
The Fairest GODDESS of the Three.



LET-



## LETTER VIII.



T O  
*MIRANDA*:  
O N A  
V I E W  
O F H E R  
W A X - W O R K.

MADAM,



O the same Matter Nature's  
Skill  
Imparts what Shapes so e'er it  
will,  
And Love, who Jove transform'd,  
can make  
Us Mortals various Figures take.  
By a like Pow'r, *Miranda*, you  
In Wax can several Forms renew:  
In

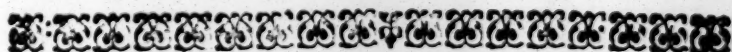
In this with Nature you agree :  
 From Chaos you, as well as she,  
 A perfect Beauty can create,  
 And make the Graces on you wait.  
 But first, like Love, with gentle Heat  
 You make it for Impression fit.  
*Prometheus'* Art yo' already share ;  
 Your Wax does Human Figures wear :  
 But if, like him, you think to give  
 Your Images the Pow'r to live :  
 You needn't steal your Fire above,  
 I'll furnish you with that of Love.



LET-



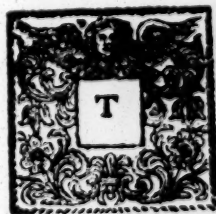
## LETTER IX.



DAMON to PHILLIS:

*On Hitting her, as he was  
Playing at Bowls.*

I.



H A T you, dear Nymph, have  
Charms unknown,

Both I, and all the World must  
own;

And that they are attractive  
too:

But little did I think my Bowl

Would sympathetically rowl,

Where the fond Bowler us'd to do.

II. Had



## II.

Had mine but been a Bowl of Gold,  
 As was the famous One of Old  
     Contended for by Matchless THREE;  
 My Wonder I had strait laid by,  
 And own'd I knew the Reason why  
     It came so readily to thee.

## III.

*Phillis*, forbear to stand so nigh;  
 For if it only is the Eye  
     That to the Mark directs the Aim;  
 If your soft Charms attract my View,  
 Thither my Bowl will bias too,  
     And I shall surely lose my GAME.

F I N I S.



